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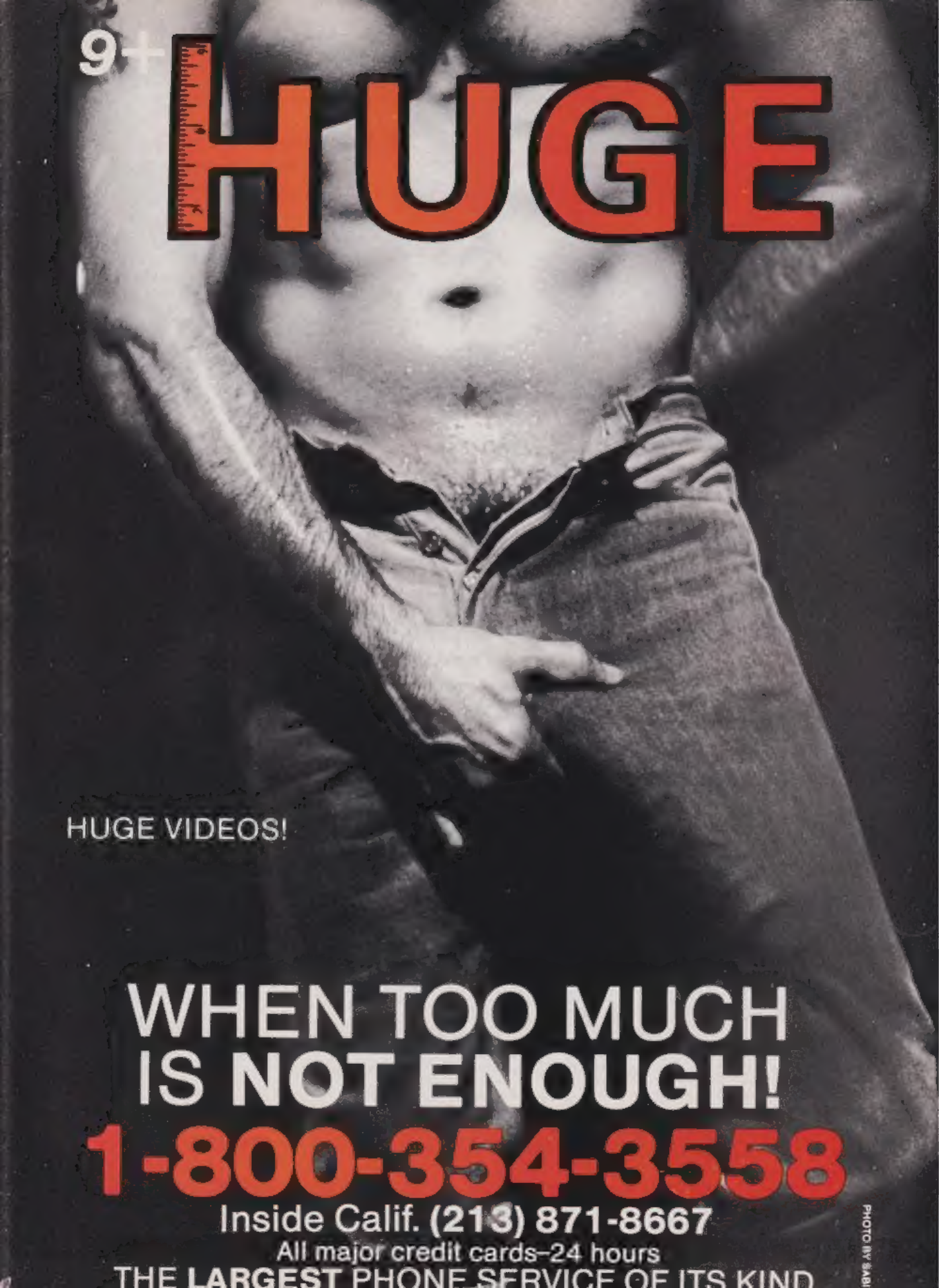
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HONCHO

JANUARY 1987
VOLUME 10 • NUMBER 1

COVER BY: DEVLIN LONG/MAGNUM STUDIO

CONTENTS

4 FICTION: SOUTHERN DISCOMFORT
9 FICTION: CHRISTMAS LIGHTS
13 NUDES: DROP TROU'
22 FICTION: BASKET BALL BUDDIES
29 NUDES: WALL STREET SUCKER
38 FICTION: ENTERTAINING STRAIGHT MEN
41 NUDES: MOBY DICK
50 FICTION: GOOD OLD DAYS AT J'S
55 FICTION: GOING TO THE DEVIL
61 NUDES: DECK THIS
77 NUDES: WAITIN' FOR A STUD
84 CLASSIFIED: MAN SEARCH
89 NUDES: MR. NATURAL

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CHARTER MEMBER
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SOUTHERN DISCOMFORT

BY E. WAYNE INGLE
PHOTOS BY CITYBOY

"Wake up, dammit! This ain't no fuckin' resort!"

The guard banged his billy club mercilessly against the iron bars.

"Come on, sweetheart! Your beauty sleep's over!"

Scott's head was on fire. It throbbed painfully with every beat of his heart. Curled up tightly on the hard, narrow cot, he tried to clear the fog from his eyes and his brain. Where in hell was he? Inches away from his face the concrete wall came into focus, its surface cracked and peeling. With great effort, he turned over and stared up at the single fluorescent tube glaring at him from the high ceiling.

He was in jail!

He began to remember the night before—drinking, lots of drinking. What was the name of the place? Nashville had so many little dives specializing in cold beer and live music.

"I said get up, boy! You ain't at home!"

The guard was glaring at him through the heavy bars. His wicked smile revealed uneven, tobacco-stained teeth. His hair was cut military short and the buttons of his uniform shirt strained at the pressure of a prominent beer belly. Stubby pink fingers curled around the nightstick, which he banged across the bars.

"Where am I? I want to talk to someone in authority!"

Scott was frightened and angry.

"Authority? Hear that, boys? The city fella wants some authority!"

Scott heard snickers and laughter from the long row of cells.

"I got the authority right here in my hand, boy. Now get them goddamn shoes on!"

Scott rose and put on his sneakers. He looked into the tiny mirror above the ancient toilet. Puffy, red eyes stared back at him. His blond hair stuck out at punkish angles. He jumped at the sound of a key unlocking his cell.

"We got you a 'continental breakfast' ready, courtesy of the house."

The guard turned Scott around roughly by the shoulders and shoved him through the door. There were maybe 50 other prisoners lining the hall, and it seemed they were all staring at Scott. Spaced evenly down the corridor were guards armed with shotguns.

"Move out!"

Shuffling along with the rest of the prisoners, Scott tried to make some sense out of this bizarre scene. It was like a low-budget movie. On his way to Florida for spring break, he had stopped over in Nashville to catch a few sights. He'd gone into a little smoke-filled bar on lower Broadway Avenue to down a few beers. The live music was great. Caught in the spirit of things, he'd downed a few too many.

He remembered driving through the darkness on the interstate. Still lightheaded from the beer, he took an exit—what was the name on the sign? The officer had pulled him over in front of an all-night convenience store and booked him

Scott awoke to a startling revelation: he was in jail. In the clink in some godforsaken, one-horse southern town. A few men were beating off, oblivious to their surroundings. A skinny old man was bent double with his hands grasping his ankles. Towering over him was a man three times his size—and a third his age—fucking him in the ass. Two or three prisoners had gathered to watch and to await their turn.

on a D.U.I. charge.

"What did you do, man?"

The voice came from behind him. It was a young man with black hair and sad eyes. He looked frail in the ill-fitting workshirt and baggy dungarees.

"Huh? I don't know exactly. I had too many beers, I think."

"Picked you up drunk? Oh man, that's too bad. The sheriff's got a real hard-on for drunk drivers around here. They'll throw the book at you."

The man seemed to be nice enough, so Scott confided in him as they walked along.

"It looks like they already have! What'll they do, fine me?"

"That, plus thirty days."

His expression clued Scott that this was no joke.

The prisoners filed into a large cafeteria. Taking a beaten tray, Scott moved with the line. A toothless old lady scooped hot, unidentifiable food onto his plate.

"What is this stuff?" he whispered to the black-haired fellow.

"Grits. Ain't you ever had any?"

"I don't think so."

Alongside the steaming portion of grits another old crone placed two limp slices of bacon and a hard biscuit. The milk they were given looked watered-down.

Scott took a seat across from his new acquaintance.

"My name's Danny—Danny Hawkins." He smiled shyly at Scott. His boyish face was covered with what was supposed to be a beard, but it wasn't very convincing.

"I'm Scott Patten. What did *you* do?"

"Alimony. I ain't had a job in months, so the bitch had me thrown in here. Don't make sense. I can't feed my kids while I'm locked up. Me and her ain't too friendly to each other anymore."

"Couldn't you get a lawyer or something? They can't squeeze blood out of a turnip!"

"It ain't that simple. You'll find that out. This is a small county, not much tax money. What you got here is a real cheap utilities crew."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't have the money for a lawyer. The fuckin' sheriff runs things here. For the next six months I'll be working the road crew."

"Well, as soon as I can get to a phone, my father will get me out of here. I'm not spending the next 30 days in this backwoods hellhole!"

Danny dropped his voice to a whisper.

"Don't be so sure. I ain't got to use a phone *yet*, an' I've been here two days."

*****

"Where are we going now, Danny?"

Scott had finished what he could of the tasteless breakfast. The guards were lining them up again.

"The showers. Stay close to me. If I was you, I'd take that earring out. It could cause trouble."

Scott's hand went instinctively to his left earlobe, fingering the tiny gold hoop. He was gay, but that's not why he wore the earring. Everyone was wearing one these days!

When they got to the showers, the men began to undress in an orderly fashion, rolling their numbered trousers and shirts together and placing them on benches.

"Here you go, Patten. Give me your duds."

A guard handed him a pair of pants and a shirt that were obviously well-worn but clean and stiffly starched. The guard was short, with olive skin and a thick, drooping moustache that almost covered his mouth. His black hair was short and wavy. Scott noticed the name on his badge above his left pocket: B. Brewster. He looked different from the other guards, less threatening somehow, and his voice was almost kind.

"Watch yer ass in there, boy, if you know what I mean . . ."

Continued to page 21

MARTINE

Manuel and I had been boyhood lovers in the fullest and best sense of the word. We grew up together in New Mexico and we had been inseparable through the pains and pleasures of our first discoveries. And that included sex. Our first fumbling experiments together had later turned into something much more passionate and intense. Now I was returning home for Christmas. I couldn't help wondering if Thomas Wolfe had been right...

CHRISTMAS LIGHTS

BY MOREY PALM • ART BY MARTINE

For me, Christmas in Santa Fe was always the best. I hadn't been back for over ten years, so I took a drive around the plaza before going on to my parents' place. A soft snow was turning everything into a Monet—colorful Spanish Christmas decorations, glittering displays in store windows, package-laden Santa Fe shoppers proclaiming *Felices Navidades* to one another. Many were probably headed for vespers around the corner at the cathedral Willa Cather made famous in a novel.

The white mistiness muffled the Christmas music drifting from a speaker hidden somewhere near the Palace of Governors. I pulled over to the curb and rolled my window down to look and listen. Illure enough, the line of Indians wearing blankets still squatted like statues beneath the portal, hoping for last-minute sales of handicrafts before returning to the reservation. I peered closer and saw Manuel's grandfather among them, surrounded by the turquoise and silver jewelry he had crafted himself. I wondered if the chief's grandson has withstood time so nobly.

Manuel Lujan and I had been boyhood lovers in the fullest and best sense of the word. Meaning we had been inseparable through all the pains and pleasures of growing up, and making our first forays into the world of sex. His family's Hopi hogan had been my second home, and our adobbied casa his. As we got older, our fumbling sexual experimentations got a little smoother and a lot more intense. Then they broke off completely—at Manuel's horrified realization of what they implied.

"I can't have a relationship with you. My people believe such behavior is evil," Manuel had stated firmly. "I am expected to marry and carry on our heritage and Hopi traditions."

"Well, my own background isn't exactly chopped liver," I had pointed out stiffly. (My father's line goes back to an early gringo settler and my mother's Spanish family dates back to DeVargas and his *Conquistadores*, who conquered this territory for Spain.)

Thus our friendship had reached an ending that was still painful to remember. No more backpacks to Lake Catherine up behind Old Baldy, where boyish wrestling had turned into awareness and our very first "experiences." I can still remember that first feel of his warmness throbbing in my fist. No more tubing down the Rio Grande from Los Alamos to Diablo Canyon, where huddling together in one sleeping bag for warmth had always led to pleasure. And no more camping trips in the Pecos Wilderness, where such experiences had become an accepted pastime and we had discovered the delights of sixty-nineing. By the time of our estrangement we were lusty 17-year-olds. Then came the confrontation and I moved east for college. I never mentioned Manuel in my letters home, and he was never mentioned in my parents' letters. I wondered why but never asked. Perhaps this return trip would be the time to do so.

I left the plaza, and its memories, and drove down the Alameda to our casa. Another impressionistic painting. All the adobbied homes were lined with *luminarios* glittering softly along the ledges. Filling paper bags with sand and putting a candle in each one had been a tradition Manuel and I had always carried out at my house, and one Christmas I had almost broken a leg placing them around the highest ledge on our roof. But Manuel had broken my fall. As always, the small bonfire of pinon logs was burning at our gate to light the way for the Christ child, another old tradition my grandmother insisted on. Mamacita might not survive for another Christmas, the parents feared. That was my reason for

returning

Once inside our casa, I was lavished with love, tears, and the delicious odors of Mexican food I'd missed so much. My *abuela* wept openly and sighed, "Now I can die happy."

"Nobody's going to die, Mamacita. This is the season of *Felices Navidades*," I told her solemnly. "The doors to heaven are closed during the Christmas season. They take a holiday also."

She caressed the black-lace mantilla I'd brought her from a Spanish shop in New York. "I wish to be buried in this," she announced stubbornly in Spanish, ignoring what I'd just said.

We had our usual Christmas Eve meal of *chili rellenos*, fixed as only my mother knows how from a recipe handed down for generations. The chili peppers inside were *hot* hot, the cheese rich and tangy, and the secret batter coating was as crisply light as an angel's gossamer wings. But for some reason homecoming was dominated by the ghost of Manuel, at least for me. He had always stayed over with us for *rellenos* after lighting the *luminarios*, returning to the reservation early the next morning for his own very different Christmas. I decided the pall hanging over everything couldn't continue and stepped into the unknown past.

"What's Manuel been up to since I left?" I asked casually.

My mother hesitated and dad came to her aid. "He married Carla Sanchez, but they never seemed to hit it off," he told me. "The next thing we knew he'd left her. Then things got really bad."

"Suicide," my mother volunteered, even more hesitantly.

I paled, and a bit of food stuck in my throat as the world stood still. My voice was coming from another person. "Manuel killed himself?"

"It's rumored he tried," my mother clarified.

"No rumor to it," my father interjected firmly. "He tried to hang himself, but Chief Lujan found out in time. He saved his life, then banished him from the reservation in disgrace."

"He had started drinking heavily," my mother added. "And you know how Indians and alcohol never mix . ." Her voice trailed off suggestively, as though booze had been the evil element responsible for everything. I suspected differently; I knew full well why Manuel's marriage hadn't stood one chance in a million. I'd had over ten years to think about his marrying solely to please the powers that be. We'd had the beginning of a good thing going, he and I, and it hadn't been fly-by-night; nor had it been a psychological "phase." We'd spent the whole of our childhood and adolescence together. We'd done everything with and to each other. We were in love. And then Manuel threw it all away. That nagging ache began asserting itself again, and I wondered dully whether Thomas Wolfe could have been right about looking homeward again. I was sorry I had returned to find out.

I decided to beg off midnight mass, another family tradition. Santa Fe is almost 7,000 feet higher than New York, which I'd left early that morning, and the altitude and red wine were getting to me. Mamacita took care of that by refusing to go unless she went on my arm. She also insisted on going with me in the car I'd rented in Albuquerque.

"Such a pity about Manuel. He was like one of our family. You will be going to see him, yes?" she asked, peering closely from the black mantilla. When I didn't answer, she folded her arms stubbornly and announced, "I refuse to die until you do."

I laughed loudly. My *abuela* had been using alternate threats to die or to live forever as long as I could remember. Manuel and I had started using the same ultimatums as a joke when we were teenagers. Once she overheard and threatened us with the wrath of God.

After the invigorating cold, the air in the cathedral seemed close, the odors of incense and Christmas pines stifling. The cavernous sanctuary was packed with families making their once-a-year pilgrimage. The Christmas music didn't cheer me up, and the pageantry of a Catholicism I'd privately abandoned didn't inspire me. My eyes went to the choir loft in the rear where Manuel and I had caused hellish misery for the organist when we were in the boys' choir. I'd refused to join unless Manuel could also, which had created many problems since he was considered a pagan. Fortunately our family name had carried enough clout and the archbishop had acquiesced. I could see the bald pate of the old organist still presiding at the piped console, and I wondered who was giving him hell these days.

Trying for a quiet exit after mass was futile. While the organ rumbled a loud postlude, Mamacita held open house for the congregation's old-timers who paused to pay her their respects, assure her she would live forever, wish our family *Felices Navidades*, and cluck fondly at seeing me again. Just as we were finally exiting, I spotted a familiar figure in a dark suit trying to slip out the side door behind the sacristy. My breath caught in my throat and I almost suffocated. When those piercing black eyes met mine briefly, my heart began thumping as loudly as the organ. Our eyes locked tight for a moment, then Manuel was out the door. I wondered why he wasn't at the reservation for Christmas Eve. Then I remembered: disgrace and banishment. By breaking it off with me he had not escaped.

There was so much to do, so many people to see, and the next few days passed quickly, the shadow of Manuel always with me, and Mamacita's question, though never again voiced, was still in her eyes every time I looked at her. A quick trip to the museum on the plaza led to my discovery that another former schoolmate had become the curator. I was contemplating a Santa Fe retrospective for the magazine I edited in New York. A waterscape in Charlene's office caught my eyes immediately.

"Who knows Lake Catherine well enough to capture it like that?" I demanded. That old haunt of Manuel's and mine was off the beaten tourist path and could only be reached by backpacking.

"Manuel Lujan," Charlene replied simply. "I spotted it in his studio and liked it so much he finally let me have it." She smiled wryly. "It would have been easier trying to pull teeth from a hen's mouth. He didn't want to let it go."

I understood why the subject meant so much to him, but the painting was a surprise. Manuel had always had a penchant for sketching, but he had always tried to hide it. "Manuel has a studio?"

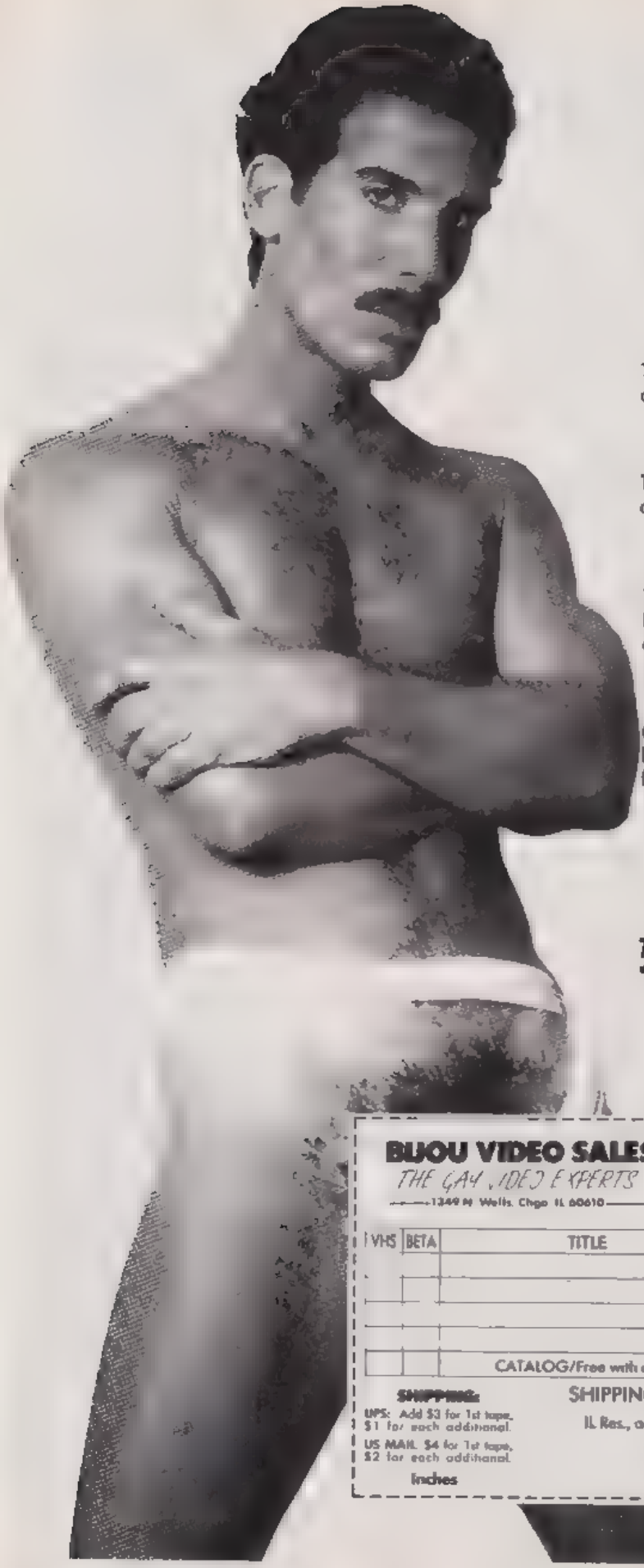
Charlene nodded. "Up on Canyon Road. I'm still trying to talk him into an exhibition of his Hopi watercolors. They're even better than Lake Catherine."

"Perhaps as good but surely not better," I commented, eyes still riveted.

Lake Catherine is a priceless jewel. Manuel had captured the subtle contrast between the blueness of the lake and the different blueness of the New Mexico sky, with its whispy white clouds bending to caress the water. I visualized two young boys standing nude on the huge rock jutting into the lake, preparing to dive into the icy water, which was *always* icy, even in summer's heat. I didn't have to visualize the small lean-to we'd built next to the rock; Manuel had painted it—a shrine to our best sexual encounters, I was thinking, wryness mixed with pathos.

After reminiscing and forming tentative plans with Charlene, I headed for Canyon Road. Everything was still the same—coffee shops, art studios, and native handicraft shops. I finally spotted Manuel's studio next to a secondhand bookstore. The blinds were drawn and a closed sign hung in the window. It was nothing more than a bleak, lonely-looking shed that stood back from the road in an overgrown yard, as if it was trying not to be noticed.

That evening I tried drinking myself into oblivion. Sleep wouldn't come. A lifetime of experiences came flooding back, and my



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I could still feel his fist clutching my long shaft and stroking until he tasted my cum for the first time and was surprised at how salty it was. I had been just as eager to taste his copper-colored tool with its extra-large head, but he came so fast I didn't have a chance to really satisfy myself that first time. But there were many other times. . .

groin began aching for release from the tension of remembering so much so intensely. New York was a gay paradise for partners, and God knows I'd had my share, but none like Manuel. Probably because I'd known every pore of his body intimately from childhood through adolescence and on into the first flush of manhood.

That exhilaration that spread through every fiber of my body the first time he made me ejaculate had never been equaled since. I could still feel his firm fist clutching my long shaft and stroking until he tasted my cum for the first time and was surprised at how salty it was. I had been just as eager to taste his copper-colored tool with its extra-large head, but he came so fast I didn't have a chance to really satisfy myself that first time. But there were many other times. And then there were all those nights squeezed together in the sleeping bag at Diablo Canyon when our hard clicks had pressed tight against each other's stomachs, needing nothing more than rhythmic pressure to spurt hot loads while our warm tongues played. Then airing the bag out later, trying to clean the cum so nobody could tell. And still other times on camping trips when our bodies had melded together as one entity. Sometimes we only left our tent long enough to heat some chow from our supplies, then back to another sixty-nine. We had been insatiable with the thirst of youth and had had endless loads of sperm with which to satisfy it.

I fondled my erection restlessly. The ghost of Manuel was making it bigger and harder than usual. I was so full of his remembered sweetness while masturbating that no matter how hard I tried to prolong our imaginary union, I came almost immediately and fell asleep.

The next morning I embarked on what I meant to be an aimless exploration of old haunts, but the car refused and headed straight down Canyon Road for Manuel's studio. Thin whisps of smoke were curling from the chimney. I wondered what he was doing inside. I drove up and down the road over and over before gathering the courage to find out. Trepidation constricted my dry throat and gnawed at the pit of my stomach. The sign said "Open." I went inside without knocking.

Manuel stood framed in sunshine from a skylight that showed him oblivious to everything except an oversized sketch of a Katchina doll. "Be with you in a minute," he called, not looking up. His concentration on his brush stroke was very intense. When he finally did look up, the brush clattered to the floor.

His eyes still glittered darkly with that piercing frankness of his, and his brown skin was still unmarked by even a single wrinkle. His body was leaner than mine—it always had been—and more sharply defined. The rippling of his muscles betrayed his tension. And that was absolutely his only sign of life. He seemed not even to be breathing. He stood stoic and motionless, waiting for my move. How well I knew that defensive challenge.

"I promised Mamacita I would see you . . ." I began, my voice trailing into nothing.

"You saw me Christmas Eve," he reminded, offering nothing more.

"It would make her even happier if you came to see her."

"How is the Mamacita? She is in good health?"

"She still threatens to die."

I wondered how much longer we would skirt the edges. A half-smile, at remembering Mamacita, softened the planes of Manuel's otherwise expressionless face. I suddenly realized that he, too, was holding on to her like a thin thread still linking us.

"I guess the least I can do is go see her. She was always my favorite."

I held my breath. "Now?"

He glanced at his sketch then shrugged. "Why not. The best light is gone now."

We hadn't shaken hands. We hadn't even said hello. As we left, I brushed against him while he was switching the sign in the window to "Closed," and an electric charge ran through my whole body. I could tell that the same thing had happened to him. I saw it in those eyes I knew so well.

Mamacita was home alone, dozing in front of the large Indian fireplace in one corner of the room. She showed no surprise at seeing Manuel, only stretched her arms and murmured *querido* over and over as they embraced. All three of us had tears in our eyes. Then she announced she could die happy and ordered us to leave so she might finish her nap. I took Manuel to see my old room again.

When we stepped inside, years as long and empty as the distance from New York to New Mexico disappeared. It seemed only yesterday that we had been in this room together. Without one single word, Manuel and I obeyed the same instinct and began removing our clothing. My whole being yearned, as inch-by-inch his bronzed body was revealed to me again. As always, I admired how large his manhood was, even when still soft, seeming larger because of the sparseness of pubic hair indigenous to Indians.

"Es hermoso su cuerpo todavia," I told him softly, watching his eyes glitter as more muscles rippled. Some narcissistic streak in him had always liked my telling him how beautiful his body was.

I opened my arms to welcome him, and he sprang into them as lithely as a young buck. We grasped each other as tightly as possible, one finally-reunited mass of burning flesh. Mouths opened and fevered tongues recaptured familiar territory, conquered then abandoned so many years ago. I could feel our taught hardness rubbing together, and I reached to hold his again the way I had fantasized and remembered for so many years in New York. His warm, familiar hand reached to grasp my hard-on, and at his touch, every fiber of my body was ready to explode. Still embracing, we slid to the floor. Restless hands rediscovered every nook and cranny of each other—caressing firm pecs, fondling throbbing dicks and sweaty balls, feeling hairy assholes. I couldn't get

Continued to page 70

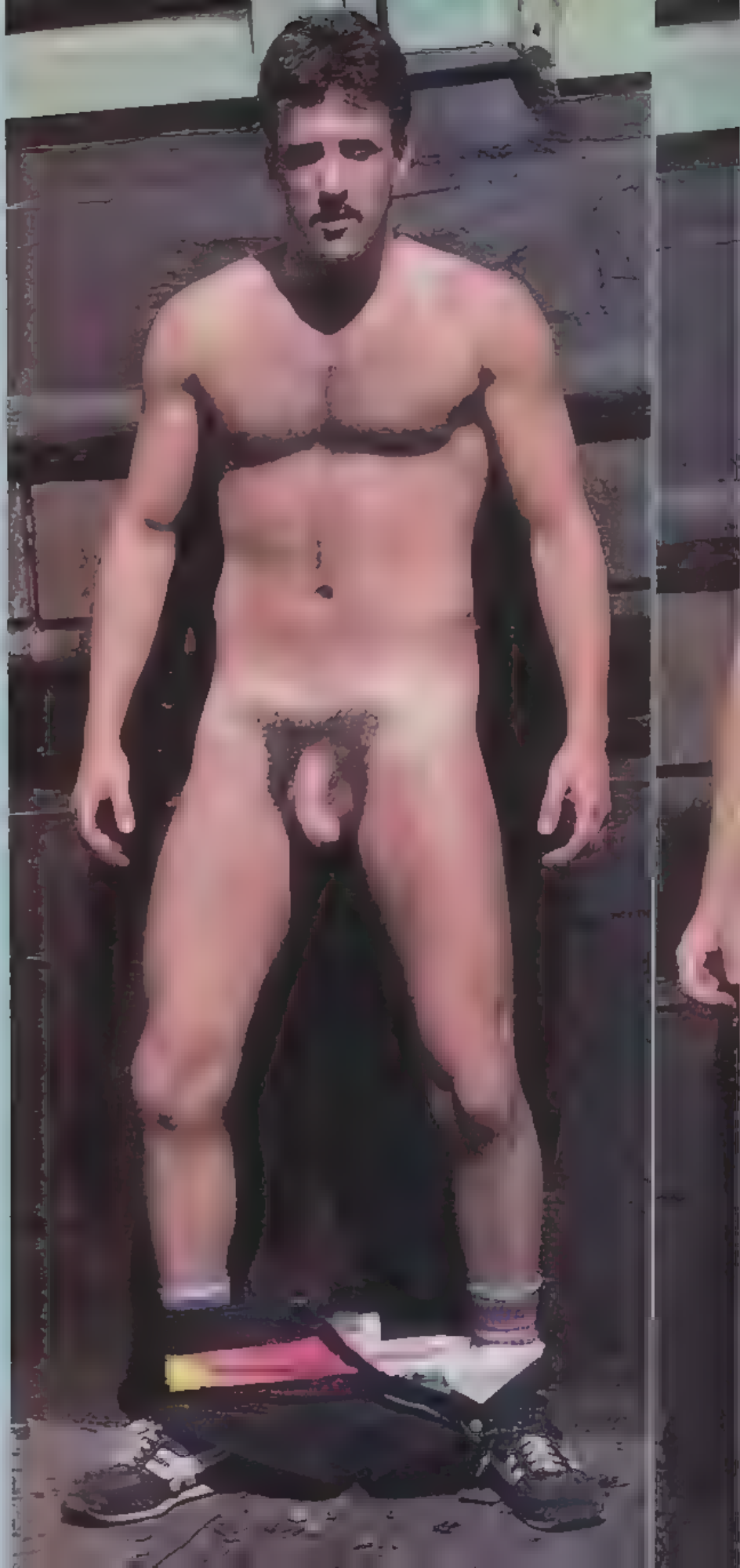
Drop Trou'

He can take it like a man.

Section photographed by Chuck

Can you!

Drop Trou'



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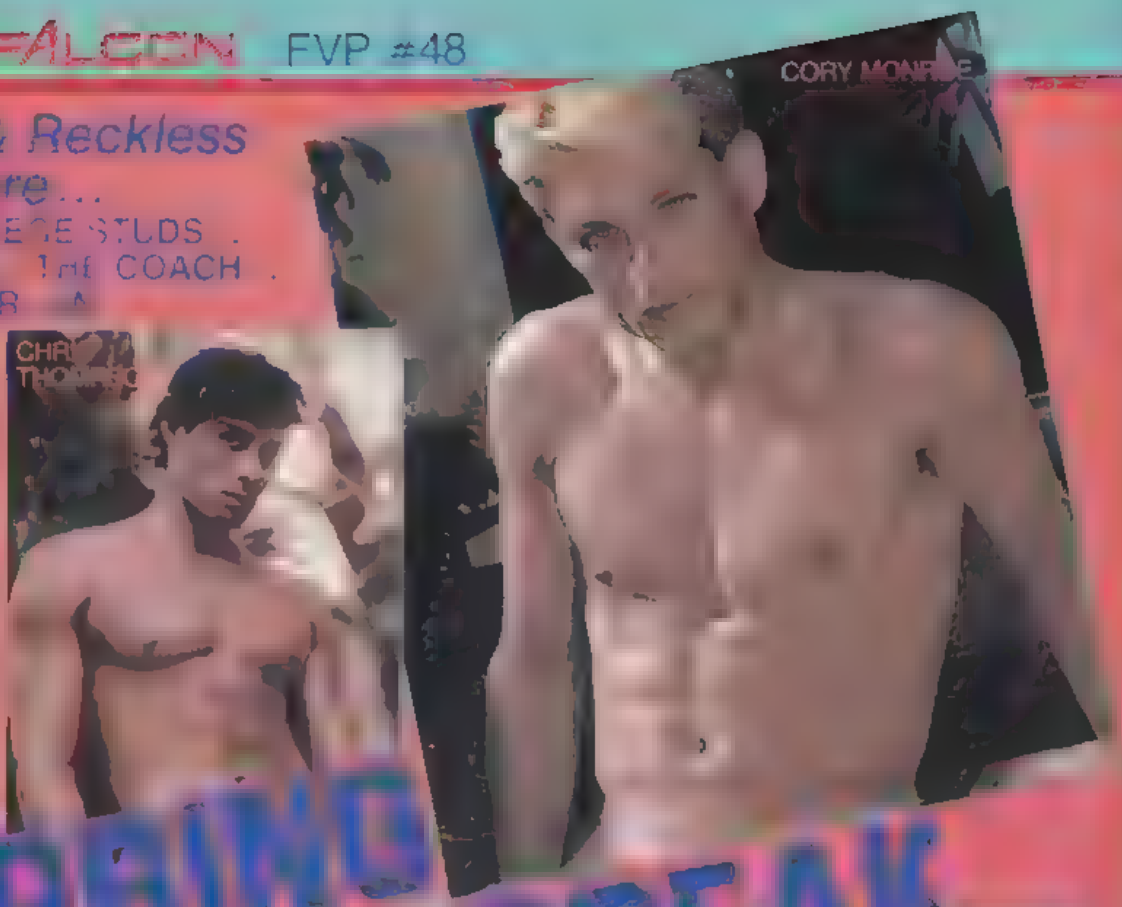

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SOUTHERN DISCOMFORT

Continued from page 7

Scott was anything but prepared for what he saw in the showers. The guards stayed outside smoking and chatting while the prisoners showered alone. The large room was open, with no partitions. Several rusty pipes emerged from the dingy tiled walls at odd angles. Many had no showerheads on them at all, steady streams of tepid water poured out, splattering loudly on the grimy concrete floor.

"C'mon, Scott," Danny whispered. "Keep to yourself and don't stare—it'll only draw their attention."

Scott tried not to, but he couldn't help looking around. It was as if this was the only privacy afforded the prisoners. A few men were beating off, oblivious to their surroundings. Hearing a low moan, Scott turned to see a skinny old man bent double with his hands grasping his ankles. Towering over him was a man about three times his size—and a third his age—fucking him in the ass. Slowly pushing his meat into the subservient old man, the younger prisoner kept going until he was in to the hilt. The old man grimaced as he pushed his buttocks out to meet the powerful onslaught. The younger man, his head thrown back in grim, silent ecstasy, started slamming in and out. The slap of flesh-to-flesh contact echoed above the hissing of the showerheads. Two or three prisoners had gathered around to watch the spectacle, and to await their turn.

"Goddammit, Scott, get over here! You keep watching this freak show and they'll have you bent over next!"

Danny's grip on Scott's bare arm was firm and insistent. Scott let himself be pulled away. He was fascinated but also repelled by the rawness of the scene. He liked man-to-man contact, but this was too brutal, too degrading, too depraved.

Feeling suddenly self-conscious of his nakedness, Scott reached for a bar of the hard-milled institutional soap on the floor and began to cover himself with lather.

"I didn't mean to sound so rough. It's just that if these apes see you gawking, they'll figure you're interested. You're not, are you?"

"No, Danny, I'm not. It's just so hard to believe."

"I'd never hit a guy in my life until I came here. Once I let 'em know where I was comin' from they quit messin' with me. They'd jump on your type in a minute."

Scott let the water wash over him and ease his aching head. He had to call his father! Maybe that guard—was it Brewster?—maybe he'd get Scott to a phone.

"Hey, Danny-boy. Who's the new meat? Finally gave in and gotcha a boyfriend, huh?"

Clearing the water from his eyes, Scott turned to see a man walking toward them. He was grossly fat. His pink, hairless body hung in wet folds that shook with each step. With one hand he was fondling his long and curiously misshapen penis.

"Get lost, Slammer! I ain't got time to fuck with you!"

Danny's voice dropped into a lower register.

"Easy does it, small fry. No need to get jealous. Just checkin' the new girl out. Nice ass, sweetie."

He reached and grabbed Scott's backside, pinching it so hard that Scott almost cried out in pain. Without thinking, Scott took the soap bar and flung it at the man, striking him squarely between the eyes. Shocked by his own violence, Scott backed against the cold tile in horror.

The man's reddened face twisted into a sneer. "Your ass is grass, city boy. Ain't nobody does that to Slammer. *Nobody!*"

Continued to page 72

BASKET BALL BUDDIES

BY RICK ADAMS • ART BY MATT

I rolled over in bed and squinted at my clock radio: six-thirty in the morning. "Shit! Fuck! Already?"

I stretched and grabbed hold of my hard-on, squeezing it to one side. I was almost beginning to wish I hadn't told Tony I'd go this morning. A game of basketball down at the gym before work? Fuck, I'd rather sleep in, or jerk off, or both!

I jumped out of bed and stumbled across the carpet and into the bathroom, cursing and thinking evil thoughts so my hard-on would go down and let me take a piss.

I stood and stared into the mirror and thought about work until my cock was drooping low between my legs. I watched it start to piss, and as usual my eyes hit on my favorite spot, the cockhead. I love my cockhead. In fact, I love almost every man's cockhead. I can't get enough of them. I want to see every fuckin' cockhead of every man I meet. And I want to suck most of them too.

"This is all your fault," I told my cock. "If you didn't have the hots for Tony, I wouldn't have to get up at six-fuckin-thirty!"

I pulled on my jeans and a T-shirt, and headed for the kitchen to make some coffee. Actually, it wasn't so much Tony himself I had the hots for, I was thinking, although he was a hell of a good-lookin' stud. It was his basket. It was so damn obvious in every pair of pants he wore it was enough to drive a guy crazy.

Ever since Tony had started working with me a couple of months ago, he'd come in every day with his huge basket sticking out from between his legs. It was making me wild!

I'd dreamed about that basket, I had fantasies about it, and I'd even jerked off pretending I was sucking on the big knob that had to be inside it. But I hadn't seen his cock yet. And maybe that's what made me jump up at six-thirty in the morning.

I grabbed my bag and headed out.

There were about ten or twelve guys in the change room at the gym when I got there. I don't know how Tony did it, but he could always talk people into doing stupid stuff. Like playing basketball before work.

When I awoke at six-thirty, I couldn't believe I had promised to meet my pal Tony for a basketball game before work. I'd rather sleep in, jack off, or both. "This is all your fault," I told my stiff boner. "If you didn't have the hots for Tony, I wouldn't have to get up at six-fuckin-thirty!"

"Hey, how're ya doin', man?" Tony called as I walked in.

"Not bad, considering I've only had one cup of coffee." I smiled at him. It was impossible not to.

Tony was standing there wearing only his gym shorts. I noticed right away that they were bursting out in front with his usual big basket. He had a brawny body with hair curling all over his chest and tapering down to a thin line which ran under the elastic of his shorts.

"Good," he said. "Come on, I'll introduce you to the other guys."

I didn't hear most of their names. Half of them were still getting changed, and I was distracted by that. I got a quick glimpse of a couple of meaty cocks, which sent some tingles rushing up my spine and made me not pay close attention to what Tony was saying.

"Why don't you get changed," he suggested, "and we'll get started?"

I peeled my T-shirt over my head, kicked off my sneakers, and yanked my jeans down. My big dick plopped out from its usual spot down my pantleg and dangled in front of me, while I searched through my bag for my shorts. I noticed a few of the guys looking at my dangler, but then men always look at each other's cocks, so I didn't think anything of it. Besides, I knew I had a heavy piece that deserved a second glance.

"You guys ready?" Tony was calling out. "I'm anxious to get playing."

Me too, I thought, but I had a different kind of playing in mind.

We mostly fooled around with our basketballs in the gym, not playing too seriously. We jumped at the nets and shot from all different angles. Wherever we were. None of us stuck to the rules much. We just played however it struck us, however it was most fun.

I found myself drawn to Tony the whole time. I kept dribbling by him, or checking

"Cocksucker!" he said, squirming out of the way. He retaliated by grabbing at my big, bare cock. Suddenly a couple of the other guys joined in, and before we knew it, the whole bunch of us were into a game of trying to grab at each other's cocks and not letting anyone grab at your own . . .

him, or just positioning myself close to him. A couple of times, the back of my hand even brushed across his big basket. And no wonder! It was hanging out so fuckin' far!

After awhile, we decided to break up for the morning and get the hell ready for work. I helped Tony put the balls away, then followed him into the change room.

The other guys were all laughing and talking when we went in. "Hey, Mike," I heard one of them calling to another one, "your balls were going in pretty good there toward the end."

"Yeah. You were getting off some real good shots," someone else said.

"Too bad you didn't have the same luck with your *own* balls!" another guy said.

We all laughed, and I yanked my shorts off in the middle of the room.

"Oooh! there's a big one," someone across the room exclaimed. "Hey, whatsya do, stretch that fuckin' thing every night?"

"Don't need to," I shot back. "In fact, I gotta *shrink* it every goddamn night just to keep it down to *this* size."

Everybody laughed again.

"Oh fuck, listen to the guy!" Tony said, standing there with his shorts still on.

"Why? You jealous?" I grinned at him. "You got something better in there?" I jumped toward him and faked a punch to his bulging basket.

"Cocksucker!" he said, squirming out of the way, and retaliating by grabbing toward my bare cock. Suddenly a couple of the other guys joined in, and before we knew it, the whole bunch of us were into a game of trying to grab at each other's cocks and not let anyone else grab your own.

We were just like a bunch of young boys, laughing and cursing and jumping out of each other's way. I got hold of a few good cocks briefly and I had my own dangling grabbed a lot, but I never got near Tony's hot basket.

And I wanted to. God, how I wanted to.

The action started to die down, and all the guys got a bit out of breath. But I still wanted Tony. He had his back to me across the room. Now was my chance.

I rushed up behind him and grabbed him around the waist, pinning his arms against his sides. "Okay guys!" I called, "I got him! Grab his dick!" They all started coming at him, trying to poke and jab at him while he squirmed and wiggled every which way in my arms to try to avoid them. I stuck my legs wide apart and struggled to hold him.

"Pull his pants off!" I heard somebody shout, and then they were grabbing hold of his kicking feet and trying to tug his shorts down.

Somebody finally got a good hold on them and yanked them all the way down to his ankles in one split second.

I stopped struggling and just stared. No wonder he had such a big fuckin' basket! He had the biggest balls I think I've ever seen on a man. They were real full and round, and hung so damn tight against the base of his cock that it didn't really hang down but stuck almost straight out about four or five inches. The shaft was thick and round and nestled on top of the big balls. A thick pink knob poked out at the end, and a few folds of skin neatly circled the rim.

My stomach shot full of excitement and the blood started pounding in my own knob.

I let go of Tony. I knew if I didn't my cock would jump up hard in just a few seconds. I couldn't let it do that in a roomful of jocks.

"Whew! Look at those balls!" someone kidded him.

"No wonder you always have such a fuckin' lump in your pants!" someone else said a little more seriously.

Tony was naked now, but I could hardly look at him. I wanted him so damn bad. I wanted to suck that cock so much. I knew if I looked at him my cock would go rock hard.

I grabbed my stuff and headed into the shower. I faced the wall and turned on the water, the cold water. There were a dozen or more shower heads in the small room and within a couple of minutes the place was full of naked men. All with their cocks bobbing and jiggling around between their legs. And all with hot cockheads.

I lathered up and covered myself with suds, and so did the other guys. Chests, armpits, bellies, cockhair, assholes, balls, cockheads.

I couldn't help looking at them, and a dangerous ping of excitement stabbed my balls with every glance at every cock. The guys soaped between their legs, around their balls, and scrubbed with their fingers all around the rims of their cockheads. They ran their fists over their shafts, then lathered some more soap around their [illegible].

Fuck! I couldn't stand it!

I rinsed and went out to dry off. But in a couple of minutes, they were all drying off around me, rubbing their towels all over their naked bodies. All over their cocks.

Tony turned out to be a show-off sonofabitch, and stood on top of his bench drying himself. He spread his legs apart and tightened up his ass so that his big balls and cock stuck out even farther than they normally did. He seemed to want all the guys to look at his cock.

I tried not to look, but my eyes kept going back to it. I couldn't think of anything else

MATT

Just Tony's cock. My heart was pounding in my chest. My head was spinning. My eyes kept looking at it, and I kept trying to tear them away.

Then I heard laughing, and I looked around the room. Everybody was staring at me, laughing and kidding me.

My face turned crimson as I realized why. I'd lost all control of my cock and it was standing straight up in front of my belly.

The noise died down, and so did my cock. I heard Tony saying something. "Why don't you come over here?"

What?

"Why don't you come over here?" he repeated. "To get a better look at it."

I just stared straight ahead. My cock had fallen completely soft between my legs.

"Well," he continued, "what do you say?" Suddenly he grabbed his cock and wiggled it around in the air. "You want it, don't you?"

Everybody was laughing again. I looked around the room and it slowly sunk into my head. I thought these guys were a bunch of jocks, but they were really a bunch of fuckin' fags. Just like me.

And they were all looking at me now, expecting me to do something.

A big grin broke out across my face. "Sure," I nodded to Tony, "you're goddamn right I want it."

"Go get him, buddy," somebody called out. That was followed by some cheers and calls, as I slowly crossed the room to where Tony stood so cockily on the bench. My eyes were fixed on his dick as I approached him. My head was reeling with lust. I could feel my spit filling my mouth, and blood filling my cock.

I reached out with both hands and ran my fingers lightly along Tony's magnificent cock and all around his huge ballsac. I ran my fingers up over his cockhead, all around the contours, underneath, around the rim. I bent close and reached out with my tongue to feel its soft skin. I let my tongue run all over it, over every nook and cranny.

Then I plopped that big cock into my mouth and started to really suck it. The cockhead was big and spongy, and seemed to fill up my whole fuckin' mouth. I grabbed his shaft and his balls, and he grabbed my hair, shoving me farther down on his stick.

I felt other hands on me, and other guys around me. Rubbing my chest, my back, my ass cheeks. I felt a slippery finger digging into my asshole and some bodies jostling for position behind me. Someone was kneeling in front of me, and a warm wet mouth slipped over my cockhead. A cock was trying to push into my asshole, and another stiff cock was rubbing against my thigh.

I closed my eyes and let Tony's big cock fill my mouth. Fill my head. Fill all of me.

I relaxed and let my body flow with whatever the other guys were doing to me. Sucking me, fucking me, rubbing against me, kneading my skin. They were all around me. Hands were everywhere. Cocks were poking at me from every direction.

There was constant pressure and shoving around my asshole, and I thought a new cock was starting to fuck me.

I sucked hard on Tony's cock, anxious to taste his hot sperm. A new mouth was going crazy on my own cock. Someone else had my balls. The pushing and jostling around my asshole went on and on. I think four or five of them were fucking at me. Hot men kept trying to shove each other away so they could stick their own cocks into me.

I wanted Tony to shoot his load. I wanted his hot jizm in my mouth. I wanted to swallow every fuckin' bit of his hot cum. I wanted his hot jizm in my fuckin' belly.

I sucked like a fuckin' maniac. Mouths sucked me. Cocks fucked me. Hands and cocks rubbed all over me. Tony was gasping and straining forward and pushing his fuckin' cockhead deep into my mouth. He grabbed hard on my hair and begged me to fuckin' suck him, and then his hard jets of cum began to shoot through his shaft and into my throat.

Cocks were fuckin' comin' all around me, and I felt my own cock start to shoot, squirting its sperm into the hot mouth sucking on it.

The guys started to fall away gradually, but I didn't move. Not until everyone was done. Then I slowly slid Tony's cock out of my mouth and took one last look at the thing I'd loved sucking so much.

I looked around at the other guys. They were all still close by. Still looking at me. "Oh, shit! Fuck!" I said, sort of to them all. "That was great! You fuckin' guys can jump me anytime!"

Tony was still standing on the bench. I turned to him and yanked lightly on his cock. "And I've been fuckin' dying to get into that big basket of yours since the first time I saw it."

"I know you have," Tony grinned. We stared into each other's eyes for a long moment.

I stretched, then grabbed hold of my dick and squeezed it to one side. "Maybe we can play basketball with the guys again next week, huh?"

"Yeah," said Tony with a wink, "but maybe you and I should have a couple of private practice sessions beforehand."■

Wall Street Sucker

During the day he's pinstripes and wingtips. At night he's denim and tank tops.

Section photographed by Naakkve

Wall Street Sucker

[illegible] commodities. After work [illegible] his

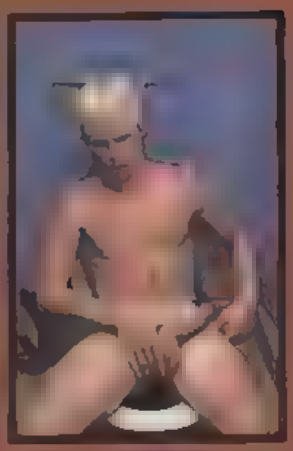
Wall Street Sucker

On the job he handles millions every day. Right now he just wants to handle what you've got to give him.

A [redacted]

2XH

A STEVE SCOTT FILM



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ENTERTAINING STRAIGHT MEN

STORY AND ART BY RICHARD A WHITE

I have several friends whose main sexual drive is directed to what they refer to as "straight men." It is difficult for me to understand how they can believe that a man who has sex with another man can be totally straight, but this doesn't seem to deter their hunger. One friend who lives in Brooklyn, near the Navy Yard, has more of these encounters than anybody I know. He's quite attractive, in his early thirties, with a dark well-built body acquired from hours and years at the gym. Philip could easily get anything he wanted at any bar or disco in Manhattan. Maybe that's why he prefers "straight" men for the challenge. That you can never really have one of these guys makes the momentary conquest all the sweeter, or so Philip believes.

Philip lives on a main thoroughfare, a major truck route through Brooklyn. He has a large living room window which overlooks this traffic, from the third floor. This past summer, the gas company had to lay in new conduits in front of Philip's apartment building. When not working, or working out, Philip stationed himself at the window every day, binoculars in hand. There was the usual collection of beer-bellied boors, both black and white. Also in the group were two or three people who seemed to be managers of some sort, since they didn't work but sat in nearby cars smoking and eating and watching. Most of the work, it seemed, was done by a couple of younger guys.

[redacted] shirtless for the most part, and darkly tanned. Two in particular seemed the most energetic about their jobs. One was a sandy-haired man, a husky Nordic type who could have used a crash course in leg-raises to flatten his soft tummy. The rest of him was quite well-stacked, and his fervor for carrying and lifting seemed a good excuse to strut his stuff about the street. Philip went to the construction site a few times to get a closer look. He dismissed the Nordic one on closer inspection—bad teeth and bad skin. The other energetic worker, however, was a hot little Latino.

They called him Tico, Philip noted. He was the best of the lot, the center of Philip's fantasies. Up close, Tico had a tight, rippled torso, with thick veins on his chest and shoulders. He wore a headband to keep the sweat out of his eyes, and to hold back his long locks of hair. His skin was that flawless, creamy-brown that the Spanish seem to have cornered the market on. He was unusually hairy for his type, but only on his chest and tummy. His wide, round shoulders were completely hairless, as was his back, except for a few tiny ringlets at the base of his spine, and they were always wet with sweat.

After weeks of watching, Philip had few doubts that he could entice this young Latino stud upstairs. They'd locked eyes several times, and by now they always nodded recognition. Tico was the loudest of the bunch, always giving comments or orders, or directing traffic around their digging. But whenever Philip walked by, Tico was always guardedly quiet. Tico was also the most animated of the bunch, always waving his arms about as he talked, hiking up his tight, worn jeans, rubbing his crotch, adjusting his headband—he was always in [redacted].

Philip noted that the workers used the bathrooms of nearby neighbors to relieve themselves and to wash up after work. He figured that this would be the way to get Tico upstairs. Every day for almost a week, when the mailman arrived, Philip would meet him at the door to the building and then stand there for a few minutes, sifting through his mail. Tico couldn't help but notice this daily routine. Tico was wearing a curious shoulder strap this week. It cut across the center of his furry tits, carving a deep dark line under them that further ac-

centuated their size. At his shoulder there was a wide leather pad. Tico would rest large, rough, wooden beams on the pad, apparently to avoid splinters, but since no other worker used this device, Philip decided that it was another attention-getter for Tico.

It worked. It held Philip's attention—and even mine when I visited Philip one afternoon. He swore to me that this one would be *his* within the week! I supposed that I was expected to be impressed, so I pretended that I was. Inside, however, I felt a certain sadness for my 32-year-old friend. Philip defines himself by what he sleeps with; Philip tries to define himself as "straight."

On the fourth day of this courting dance, Tico took the lure. He walked over to Philip, who was opening his gas bill. "You live upstairs?" Tico asked.

Philip looked up, pretending to be surprised. "What? Oh, yes. You need water or something?" he asked offhandedly.

Tico grinned acres of white teeth and said, "Yeah, I need to drink some water and to pass some water. Dat okay?"

"Sure. C'mon up. I have soda if that'd be better than water," he said over his shoulder, leading Tico upstairs. "Nah, dee sugar makes me fat—and more tirsty. Water is better, please." Tico's voice was soft and polite.

Once inside, Tico was duly impressed with Philip's large and well-appointed apartment. Unbeknownst to Tico, the place is classic clone: a big stereo with two turntables for making disco tapes, a color "monitor" and VCR for watching porno movies, large sofas in the living room for "entertaining," mirrors by the bed for "entertaining," extra towels on display in the bathroom for "entertaining," soda and beer in the refrigerator for "entertaining," and a small spy-hole in the bathroom door which Philip uses for "entertaining" himself.

The toilet faces the side wall in the bathroom, so the spy-hole is located at the perfect angle to watch someone piss—to check out a guest's equipment before making a move. If what he saw didn't impress him, he'd waste no more time on Tico.

After showing Tico to the toilet, Philip made a gesture of walking away. When the door was closed and locked, Philip returned and put his eye to the spy-hole. Tico was standing spread-legged, not touching his cock. He was looking at himself in the mirror above the toilet, which Philip had put there to give the pissers something to concentrate on while he watched them. Tico adjusted his hair as his uncut cock sent its steamy stream into the bowl. He was average sized, not particularly impressive to Philip's educated eye. But his body was so spectacular that Philip didn't mind.

After pissing, Tico shook off his cock, then slipped the dark hood over the pink head. He gazed at himself in the mirror and ran his fingers over his nipples, turning himself on. His cock lengthened in his hand, and Tico plopped it back into his jeans—no underwear, Philip noted.

Philip took his cue and darted quietly to the kitchen to pour Tico's ice water. When Tico joined him, Philip saw that the humpy Latino had gotten harder. *This is going to be easier than I thought,* he decided.

"I don' wan' to sit down. Dese pants are so dirty," Tico said as he swatted dust off his swollen—and still swelling—crotch.

Philip got a good shot of it and then turned back to "nonchalantly" pouring ice water into designer glasses. "That's okay. I have a cloth we can slip on the sofa."

They went into the air-conditioned living room. Philip spread a dark cotton cloth over the sofa, and Tico plopped down, adjusting his crotch so that it was in Philip's line of vision. A moisture spot had appeared in the fabric covering his basket, but Tico paid no mind. Even if he'd noticed it, he probably would have guessed—and correctly—that it would turn Philip on to see a little piss stain.

Tico asked Philip what he did to afford such a nice place.

"I'm a bartender," Philip said proudly, "at a place on the East Side," he lied. It was a West Village gay bar. But he had no worries that Tico would ever visit either kind of place.

Tico tapped his foot lightly to the disco music Philip put on—a two-hour tape, just

The hot Latino was duly impressed with Philip's apartment. Unbeknownst to Tico, the place is classic clone: a big stereo with two turntables for making disco tapes, VCR for watching porno movies, large sofas for "entertaining," mirrors by the bed for "entertaining," extra towels for "entertaining," and a small spy-hole in the bathroom door which Philip used for "entertaining" himself.

In case. "You got great speakers," Tico said, then gulped down all the ice water.

"More?" asked Philip.

"Yes, please." Tico handed Philip the chilled glass and followed him into the kitchen.

"Are you guys on lunch now?" Philip asked.

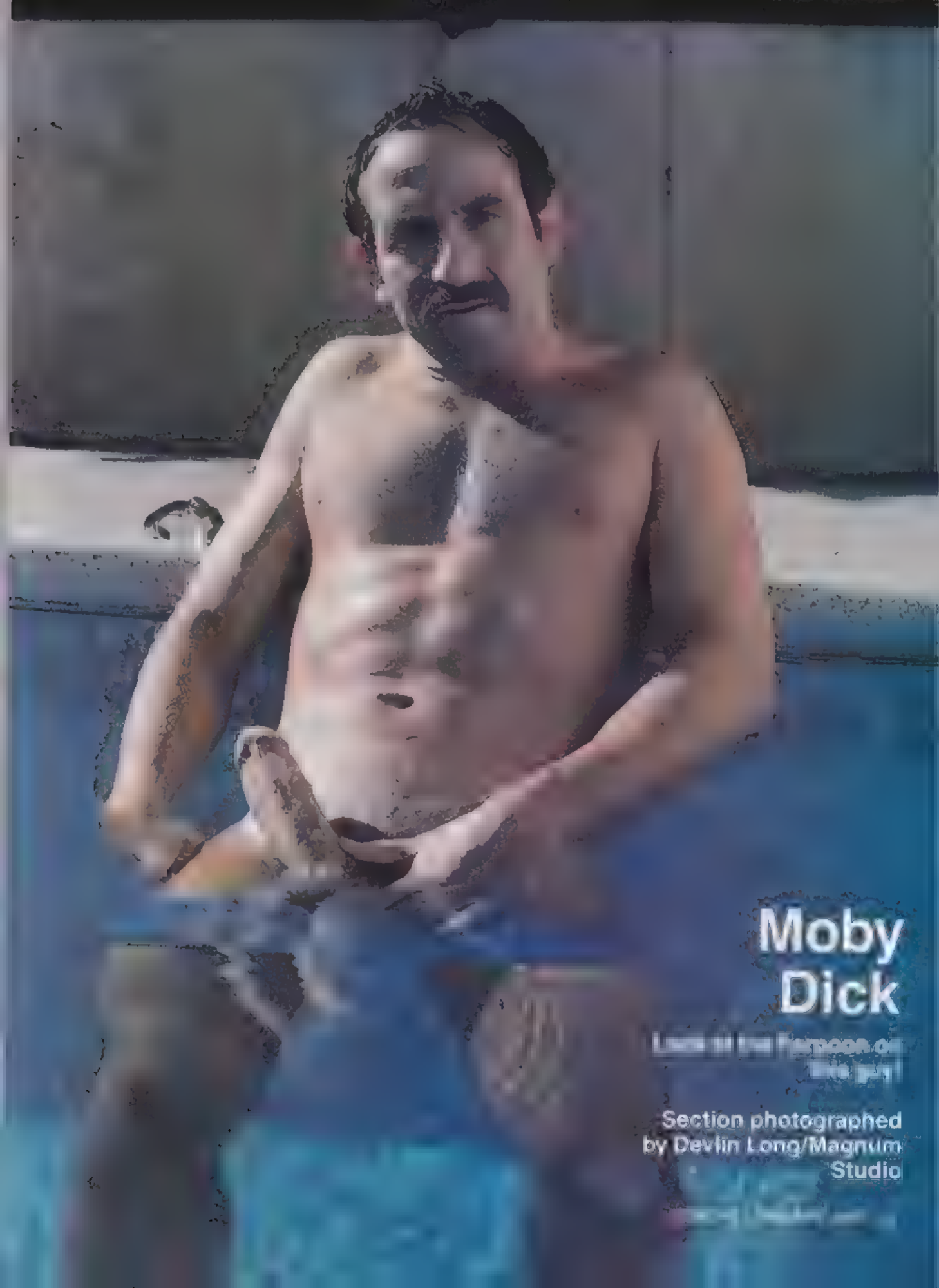
"The others? No. Me? Yes. Dey're pretty good about letting you take lunch when you want—an hour or a little more sometimes. It's so hot. I needed break from de sun. Is so nice and cool in here. Must cost a lot to cool four rooms, huh?"

"Yeah," Philip said, leading Tico back to the living room.

"Dere's a lotta nice pipple livin' here," Tico said, sipping his water more slowly this time. "Dey let us use de bat'rooms and showers and everthin' "

Philip nodded agreement. "Lots of students in the neighborhood. There's a

Continued to page 69


Moby
Dick
Section photographed
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Let him lure you out of

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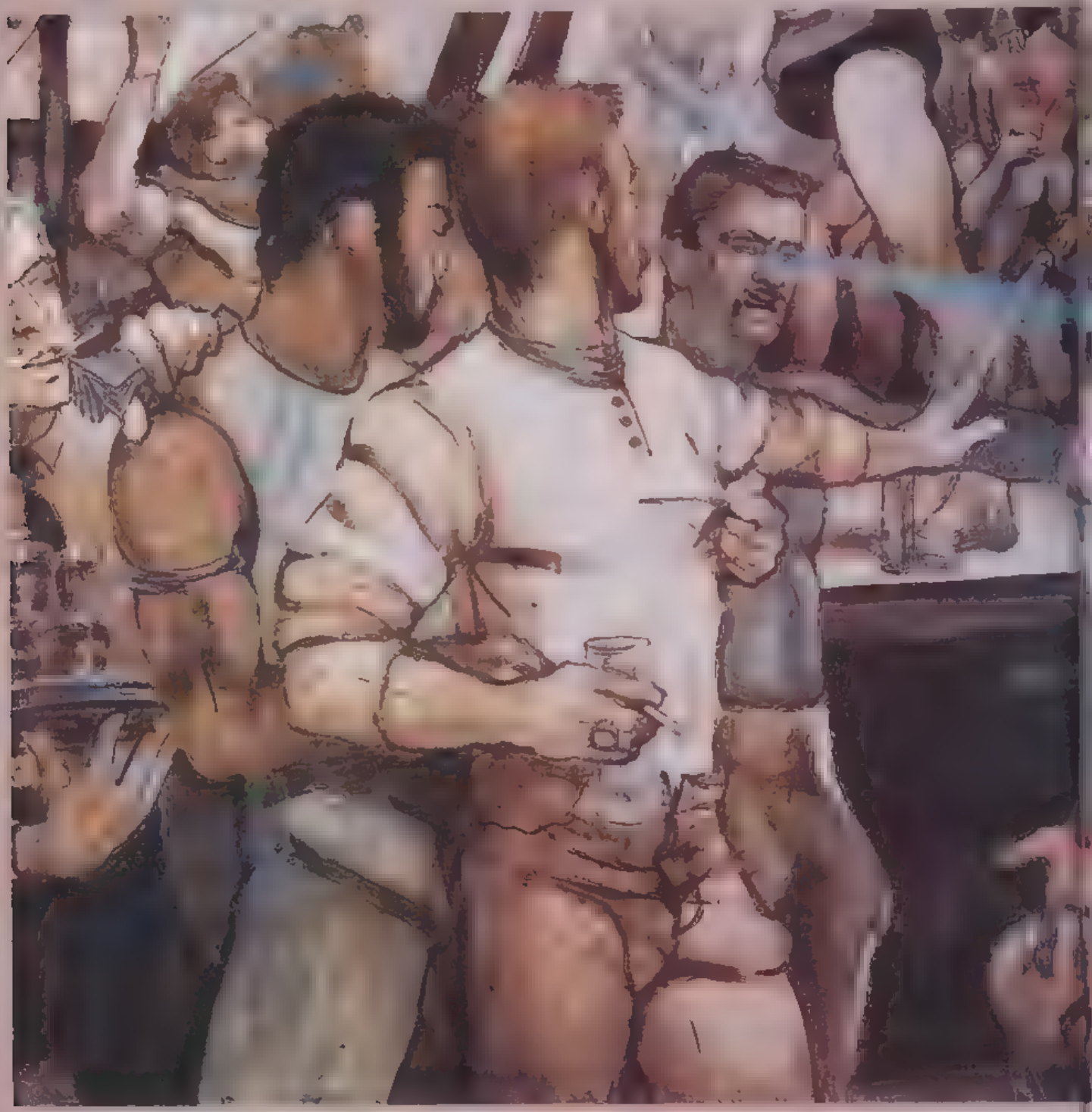
You'll be in for one whale of an experience.

Good Old Boys of J's

"Jesus, it feels good gettin' in here," Bart thought to himself as he stepped into J's. "Especially after being lost in Hackensack for half an hour when I missed the fuckin' turn-off for Feathers. But Christ, a suburban bar is a suburban bar, big or small designer jeans disco or drag show and cliques of fruitflies. So why not pay the two bucks and hit the George the pot-holed Henry Hudson, and at least end up somewhere.' J's was *somewhere*, all right Bart's cock swelled the metal cockring



raised his balls to hug his worn 501's. He was ready. It felt good to breathe in the smoke, amyl, and sweat that hit you the minute you walked in the door at J's.

J's was a one-drink bar—Bud in cans. The dress code was more varied but just as strict: button-fly Levi's, construction boots or cowboy boots, black leather or worn denim jackets, black leather caps or baseball caps, studded leather belts and armbands. All familiar symbols of men prowling for cock in the classic leather-Western bar. Every time Bart joined this scene he wondered why he had stayed away so long. Even two weeks was too long. Life might begin to be more than a piece of shit if more of it could be lived here at J's. But enough reflection. It was time for participation.

There must have been at least 50 guys standing alongside the bar and perched on the wall benches on either side of the door. Not a lot of conversation though; concentration seemed mostly on the beer, smokes, and eye-cruising. Bart felt he was getting his share of notice as he ordered a Bud. No one seemed to react to the music here; the focus was tight on crotch and ass. Bart felt his own ass tighten as he made his first survey of the men of J's. No chicken, no kiddy-cock, some in their early twenties maybe, but mostly thirties and early forties, he judged.

Before assuming his position and starting his quest, Bart hit the head. After an hour's drive and a couple of beers in the

car, he wanted to piss so he could concentrate on more expressive cock functions. In the open toilet stall several similar messages were scrawled in black magic marker: "I need scat" "Come to Asstricks for a good scat time." No ambiguity, no subtlety. The tone was direct and clear. Just like the stares he got when he emerged from the head. Bart found a place to get his bearings, lit a cigarette, and took a couple more swigs of Bud.

The first eyes that shot a fuck-look to Bart belonged to a tall, dark-haired moustachioed stud in a black leather jacket, black Western boots, and, yes, worn 501 Levi's. A couple of the guy's fly buttons were open. Bart could see just the top of his bush. He began to imagine the balls and cock that crowded together to produce that provocative swelling further down. No smiles or nods yet, just probing looks to let each other know they were definitely interested. Somewhere else—at any suburban bar—it wouldn't be so honest and straightforward. Here, though he turned his head occasionally to look over the crowd or glance at the ads for other leather bars from West Germany to Key West, he always came back in a few seconds to the bulging 501's. Bart sucked in as much of this hot man as he could—without apologies for his obsession.

The ass matched the crotch, Bart saw when his prospect turned toward the bar to get his beer. Firm and tight. A hot fuck for sure. Lean, strong body. His eyes smiled at Bart in his next glance, even though his mouth remained fixed, half-hidden by the thick, dark moustache.

Bart moved away for a minute, ostensibly to case out the pinball machine. There, a couple of big-bellied dudes leaned into their game, gripping the sides of the metal frame and jerking it from time to time to ring up a few hundred more points. Next to the game was J's pin-up board of leather poseurs and announcements of cycle club meetings. Besides the board and the carvings on the benches and tables, not much more in the inanimate category was worth noticing.

By the time Bart took the ten steps back toward Mr. Big, he saw that he was handing another leather man a beer, and in exchange getting a hand on his ass and then on his prick. Neighborhood buddy? No, something more. Bart kept to the side of the pair. He could feel his cock hardening at the sight of an erection stirring the already partially unbuttoned Levi's of Mr. Big. Later, guys. Maybe in the backroom.

Bart's heightened urgings took him past the bar into the poolroom, with an eye not for the balls on the table but for the balls packed tight into smoothly rounded denim boxes. No Wranglers or Lees represented tonight; Levi's should shoot their ad campaigns here and air them on the networks. That would be a turn-on. Broken-in 501's with top buttons open, narrow hips, well-rounded asses, leather belts, no belts, T-shirts, no shirts, hairy chests, flannel shirts, tattoos. Men with men, cocks and asses, cock and ass—hot. Talk about people coming together, sharing, and feeling good. This is where it happened. The young guy in work boots and baseball cap, the stocky, broad-chested outdoorsman with lined face, the leather stud with peaked cycle cap pulled down to his nose, the bald scalp reaching down to dark piercing eyes, earrings, chains, leather armbands and wristbands—individual accents but all reaching unity in cock, balls, and ass—and 501 Levi's. Pleasure for the eyes, foreplay. Hardcore action in the back room.

Bart finished his beer, lit another cigarette, and eased into the darker corners of "inner" J's. Essentially, J's was laid out in three sections of progressively decreasing size: the large public barroom, a pool area with space for an assortment of onlookers, and a gritty, darkened backroom packed with men groping men, men sucking men, men fucking men. The pool routine was about over for the night. Time to put the cover on and dim the lights in preparation for the late and final pursuit. Men all thinking and feeling cock. Electricity was in the air now—no more preliminaries, no more sideshows, no more distractions from everybody's obsession. Christ, J's exists for getting your rocks off! Bart was up and ready.

By the thumping sounds of a hard object being rhythmically hit against the wall, Bart was pulled to the farthest corner of the back room. There, crouched in the semi-darkness was a dude getting his mouth fucked by a brawny stud. Levi's pulled down to his thighs, construction helmet lowered over a taught, intense face, teeth gritted with brutal pleasure. The standing macho man had grabbed his kneeling benefactor by the sides of his head and with every excited thrust of his thick cock knocked the sucker's head against the wall. Gagging, almost crying, the crouched slave endured the forceful attacks of a rigid prick pushed deeper and deeper down his throat. Other J's men joined the scene, giving Mr. Construction long drafts of amyl to enhance his crescendo of pleasure, grabbing his ass or kneading his balls as he got closer to shooting his load. Finally, with several last grunts and curses, he shot off his weapon in the exhausted hole of his victim, who, freed from the battering ram, smiled with satisfaction at his well-earned prize. Not a bad routine for openers, Bart thought, as he felt the first hand of the night push into the crack of his ass.

J's was a one drink bar—beer in cans. The dress code was just as simple: button fly Levi's, construction boots or cowboy boots, black leather or worn denim jackets—all the familiar symbols of men prowling for cock.

Goddamn, a great feel! The hand seemed to say, "I've found what I want and fuck you if you don't like it." Bart liked it. An intensifying grip squeezed each ass cheek in turn. Then a muscular, hairy forearm with a studded black-leather band on the wrist reached around his waist, and a commanding hand squeezed his cock and balls. Bart hoped the face of this exploring stranger would evoke a similarly positive response when he turned around to look. One hand continued to press and pull on Bart's cock. The other cut into the crevice of his ass with determined purpose, finally reaching between his legs to join the front hand and momentarily pull Bart off his feet. No more suspense. Bart turned and saw his welcome molester: a shorter, more sullen version of Tom Sellick, hairy, with a thick moustache, an unlit cigar to the side of his mouth, a black baseball cap pulled down to the middle of his forehead, a black football jersey, and worn 501's tight and

Continued to page 75

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GOING TO THE DEVIL

BY FRANCOIS DESALLE LAMOUREUX

ART BY FELIX IRRIZARIY

It was like deja vu. It was exactly what I had expected, even though I had never been there, even though the letter had included no description of the place, just directions.

For a most a mile I wound my sports 2+2 over a cracked brick drive overgrown with shrubs. The sky was hidden by the towering oaks that lined the drive and shrouded it, and because the way was winding and hilly I could see no further than the next bend. Then, after a very sharp curve I started up the steepest hill so far, and there, at the summit, it stood.

It was a massive stone fortress, a castle, like nothing I had ever seen. Certainly I'd never have expected to find anything like it on the northern California coast. And yet there it was. And somehow it was familiar.

Its southern-most tower commanded a magnificent view of the Pacific, from the top of a sheer white cliff which plunged straight down, perhaps 300 feet, to a small bay. On the northern side, to my right, the slope of the hill was gentler, and covered by a thick stand of pines. The pine forest wrapped around from the side to the front

As a hustler, I had serviced a lot of weird guys. But this one took the prize. He was surrounded by lackeys: a butler, a secretary, even his very own doctor. "You are in no danger," the butler told me. "And when you see our master, you'll be very glad it's him you've come to spend the night with and not Mr. Marshall or me."

of the castle, hiding its lower stories, swallowing up the roadway. Only the bare, windowless cliffside of the castle and the highest parapets showed above the ancient pines.

Again, so familiar. Many times since, I've wondered if it was because it was destiny. Does a person's destiny, even when you see it for the first time, always look familiar? I don't know if that's the case for everybody. But it was for me.

The phone call had been formal and impersonal. If the man had been phoning me to arrange a blind date—I mean a *real* date—I would have been completely turned off. But this wasn't a date, it was a business engagement. And the money was . . .well, as far as I know, my regular fee is the highest in the business. But Mr. Marshall, after warning me that I'd have to submit to some "unusually *strenuous* precautions," had offered me triple what I was asking. And for *one* night's work he was going to pay me for two weeks—13 nights of abstinence, one night of *cautious* sex.

I accepted, of course. The two weeks had passed, and here I was.

The gates swung open and I drove into the forecourt. I parked behind a burgandy Rolls, got out of my car, and started up the steps.

Suddenly the huge wooden front door swung open on its groaning iron hinges and out stepped a tall, thin, distinguished-looking middle-aged man whose stethoscope told me he was a doctor. He was followed by another man, a few inches shorter and several years younger, but pudgy and pasty-skinned. His business suit was just as sharply creased and looked just as expensive as the doctor's, but there was something about him that made you think he didn't really care anymore, about himself anyway.

At first, neither the doctor nor the other man paid any attention to me, although I was only a few feet away from them. They spoke to each other in low tones and I couldn't understand what they were saying. Then the doctor looked directly at me, then turned back to the other man and said, "You know I don't approve. But I've done everything I can do. Every possible precaution. As long as he observes them, well, perhaps it will be all right."

"Thank you, doctor."

I recognized the shorter man's voice instantly. It was Mr. Marshall.

The doctor glanced at me again, then got into the Rolls and drove away.

"You're the prostitute, of course." Mr. Marshall was as blunt in person as he had been on the telephone.

"I'm the escort, yes."

"As you wish. Follow me, please."

He led me inside, white. Everything—the walls, the vaulted ceiling, the marble floor, the furniture—pure white, bone white, ivory, cream—every variation imaginable, everything white. And flooded with light.

I felt dirty, suddenly, in contrast to the gleaming and immaculate surroundings. Mr. Marshall seated himself behind a marble table and gestured impatiently for me to take the chair in front of it. "You brought your medical records as I asked?"

"Yes."

"And the bill of course."

"Yes. All in here." I handed him the manila envelope.

"Thank you." He opened it and read the report very carefully. "And since your last examination, two week ago, no contacts?"

"No. I did exactly as you asked me to do, as you've paid me to do."

"Half."

"What?"

"I've paid you half."

"Right."

"Very good. Robert will prepare you now."

Mr. Marshall nodded to someone behind me. When I turned around, I felt like David looking up at Goliath—and I didn't have my sling shot. He wasn't ugly or misshapen—everything was in the right place—but he was mean-looking, really mean-looking—and huge, maybe seven feet tall. I know guys who would flip over a pumped-up muscle man like Robert. Not me. Not my type at all. Mr. Marshall wasn't either, but at least I felt I could handle him. As for *this* guy...

"What's he going to prepare me for?"

"For your engagement, of course."

"With *him*?"

"No, of course not. I'm sorry if Robert's sudden appearance and his. . .stature have startled you. He and I wear many hats here. One of Robert's is that of watchman, a post he fills very well, as you can imagine. But he is also a thoroughly trained and very gentle hygienist."

Mr. Marshall stood, and indicated that I should do the same. When I did, once again he eyed me up and down. "Your portfolio was quite stunning, and yet the pictures don't do you justice. I'm quite pleased. Open your shirt, would you?"

I unbuttoned my shirt and held it open.

"Excellent, excellent, not a trace of body hair, just like your photographs. So much easier to clean thoroughly."

"Mr. Marshall, are we going to have sex or am I being served for dinner?" My question was only partially facetious. I was starting to feel really creepy about the whole business.

"We are finished with our business, Mr. Colburn, until I pay you the rest of your fee tomorrow morning. Now, if you'll excuse me—"

"But wait a minute. Who's my client?"

"The master of the house, of course. Good day, Mr. Colburn."

Mr. Marshall was gone. I turned to Robert, who was standing by another door, holding it open for me.

"You're not in any danger, Mr. Colburn. Truly." Robert's voice was surprisingly soft and well-modulated.

"Why didn't he tell me about your master? Why all the mystery?"

"I didn't realize he hadn't until just now. Maybe he just didn't want to give you any

more information than he had to, until he was sure about you. But there's no danger for you here, I promise you. And when you see our master, you'll be very glad it's him you've come to spend the night with and not Mr. Marshall, or me."

Robert's smile was as warm and reassuring as his voice, and even more persuasive. I followed him down a long corridor into what looked like a combination hospital scrub room and ritzy health-club lounge. "The shower is through that door. The steam room and sauna are through there. I'd like you to use all three, and also the toilet if necessary. Then take another steam and another shower. If you'll give me your clothes, I'll hang them up for you. When you're done with your regimen, I'll give you your massage, and the rest of it."

"The rest of what, Robert?"

"You strike me as an intelligent young man. Can't you figure it out for yourself? Our master was born with a total inability to fight off even the most minor of ailments. He was also born very wealthy, so, rather than live out his life in some medical institution, he has been able to construct and maintain an elaborate cocoon of his own design."

"You mean he's never been out of here?"

"He's never been out of his own private chambers. Not since we came here. Mr. Marshall and I have been with him since he was born. When his parents were killed, he decided to relocate near his uncle, a noted San Francisco pathologist who still attends him. He was just here, as a matter of fact."

"Yes, I saw him."

"He doesn't approve of your coming here, but he respects our master's wishes, and he knows Mr. Marshall and I have done all we could to dissuade him. We love our master very much, and so we are taking every possible precaution. There's nothing else I can tell you, because there's nothing else to tell. Would you undress now, please?"

I stripped and handed my clothes to Robert. He was staring at me.

"You really are very beautiful," he said, not at all clinically. "Maybe looking will be enough."

He left me and didn't return until after my second shower. When I stepped out he had the massage table set up. He did a great job, completely relaxed me. Then he gave me a series of enemas—no pain at all—then another massage.

This time he rolled me over on my back and concentrated on my thighs and groin. I had a tremendous hard-on in no time. He reached into a drawer and took out a small, foil-wrapped package. "We've had these specially made. They're absolutely indestructible, and yet so sheer you can

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barely feel them." He slipped it on me. "Right?"

I nodded and looked down at my crotch. The condom was practically invisible, except for a narrow band around the base of my cock. "You're sure it's indestructible?"

"Positive."

He brought me fresh clothing—white pants and white shirt. But not hospital white like his. A nice cream color, like my skin.

He led me out of the "health club" and down another corridor. At the end of it was a glass portal and a glass door through which I could see what I guessed to be his master's chambers. Unlike the other rooms I had been seen so far, all of which were spartan and functional, on the other side of the glass was a room that *belonged* in a castle. Rich, ornately carved wood, huge tapestries and paintings, claw-footed chairs, shelf after shelf of old, rare-looking leatherbound books.

"You can't imagine how difficult it was to sterilize all those things, Mr. Colburn," Robert commented.

At the far side of the chamber—the westernmost wall of the castle—was a huge window open to the Pacific. Actually, when we reached the portal and I looked more carefully, I could see that the window was sealed with glass. And yet the silk curtains tossed about as if from the sea breeze.

"The air is pumped in," Robert explained, "through hidden vents along the ceiling and floor, to maintain the illusion. It's purified air, artificially treated to smell like the sea. It's very convincing. You'll see when you're inside. He'll be waiting for you in his bed chamber. It's through that archway on the left."

He pushed a button and the glass door slid open. "Remember, you're his first. Please be gentle. And careful."

I stepped inside and the door swished closed behind me. When I looked back, Robert was gone.

I went quickly to the window to see the view. For a while I didn't look at the archway; I just stared out at the real Pacific and took in the artificial smells.

Then I became aware of another smell, an intoxicating male smell, very heavy, very musky, and yet sweet. I turned toward the broad, open archway and looked into the bed chamber. The ivory-colored walls were smooth and bare and curved inward toward the top. When I stepped inside I saw that the only flat surface in the room was the marble floor. It was like the inside of a dome, like a bell jar set down over the round canopied bed in the center. The bed was the only piece of furniture, and it was shrouded by a gauzy curtain. I couldn't really make out anything about the man lying on it, but he seemed to be asleep.

I crept over to the bed and parted the curtains—and gasped. The most perfectly handsome face I had ever seen. A sleeping prince, like in a fairy tale—only real. I wanted to kiss him, to wake him up with a kiss. But did I dare? Was I supposed to? To kiss him, I mean?

Maybe not. But I had to see his body. As gently as I could, I took the edge of the silver satin sheet and lifted it off of him. Flawless olive skin. Sharply defined muscles—but not from working out. Naturally defined, perfectly proportioned. God, how I wanted him! I wanted to devour him.

Or maybe just touch him, very softly, so it wouldn't disturb him. There was something about him that made you feel protective, even though he looked so strong, so . . . healthy, so powerful—like a sleeping warrior.

For a long time I just stood there, wanting to touch him but afraid, yet unable to take my eyes off him.

"I'm not asleep. You can touch me if you want to."

Out of the dead silence of the room his voice should have startled me. But it didn't. It was a strong, manly voice, but very gentle. And besides, he'd just given me permission to do what I'd been wanting to do. I reached out and touched my fingertips to his chest, and then I began to stroke him, very lightly, along the line of his chiseled pectorals.

"You can't imagine how wonderful that feels," he said, his voice even softer than before. "To be touched. To be stroked. And it was wonderful to be looked at, the way you were looking at me before. I knew you were looking at me. I could feel it."

I knew what he meant by that—the delicious sensation of being looked at and admired, the way you can feel it in your skin. Now I'd touched his skin with my fingers. I supposed that next he'd want to see me. I was wrong.

"Say something. I want to hear your voice."

"I don't know what to say. I . . . you're so beautiful."

"So are you."

"How do you know."

"I know my friend's taste. You are beautiful, aren't you?"

"I've been told so."

"Of course you have. And your beauty has been put to use, the uses of pleasure. Mine has been wasted, until now. I couldn't endure it anymore. I was born to love, and to be loved. I was made for that. And then denied it. I'm determined to have it now. You can understand, can't you?"

"Yes. Of course I can. But we have to be careful. I promised to—"

"I've been careful all my life, until it no longer seems like life at all."

I crept over to the curtains—and gasped. The most perfectly handsome face I had ever seen. A sleeping prince, like in a fairy tale—only real. I wanted to kiss him, to wake him up. But did I dare? Was I supposed to. . .?

"But still—"

"Still I have let them take their precautions. They've prepared you very carefully, haven't they?"

"Yes."

"So we won't think about being careful any more. Are you dressed?"

"Yes."

"Would you stand by the bed now, perhaps a few feet away, and then I'll open my eyes and look at you, and then would you remove your clothing while I watch? And through all this, let's say no more for a while. When we do speak, you may call me Lucien. What should I call you?"

"My name is Philip."

"Then I'll call you Philip."

I moved away from the bed and waited for him to open his eyes. They were black, blue-black, like his hair, his long, straight hair. Once his eyes were open, he didn't *need* to speak. His eyes told me how long to stand in front of him without moving, when to turn to the left or to the right, when to strip, how slowly I should do it, and then to stand still again, but naked now, and then to pivot and pose and tease him for a while.

Finally, he opened his arms to call me into his bed. As I climbed in beside him, I saw that his cock was as hard as mine, and just as big, almost exactly the same size. We were a perfect match, and perfect opposites. He was Mediterranean dark; I was Scandinavian fair. And yet our bodies were proportioned in exactly the same way, right down to our manhood.

I traced the carved line along the bottom of his pectorals with my tongue, then ran it between them, then from one nipple to the other, then down the center of his chest to his navel. I pushed my tongue deep inside it. I wanted to do that to his mouth, but I was pretty sure that would be forbidden.

I moved toward his magnificent cock, and as I got closer I saw that it was sheathed like mine. I took the entire monster organ down my throat in a single hungry dive. Lucien bucked and moaned and shouted as I started pumping.

Then suddenly he grabbed by head and ripped me off him. "It would take very little, Philip. I want this to last."

He pulled me up to his side. I nestled my face under his chin and breathed in his smells, as he stroked my hair. I wanted to stay with him forever. I wondered. . . If I was willing to give myself to him, to be with no one else, to never leave his sterilized, hermetically-sealed chambers, could we be lovers? Real lovers? Forever?

I felt him stirring and when I looked up, I saw that he was reaching for a button on the wall. He pressed it and the sheer curtains around the bed were drawn away, and a panel slid closed across the archway, and the light in the room began to dim.

"I want you to see how it has been for me until you came."

We were surrounded suddenly by a hundred men and boys in the throes of passion. There were several separate images: a boy masturbating alone. . .a threesome. . couples in various settings, some outdoors, some in bedrooms. There was also a group of maybe 25 men of all types and ages at the height of an orgy in what looked like a Roman bath. We were engulfed in these images: they were all around us, above our heads, and when I peaked over the edge of the bed I saw lovers writhing on the white-marble floor.

They were projections, of course, but they were unlike any videos I'd ever seen. They seemed to stand out from the surfaces they were projected on and actually fill the room. And you could smell them. You could smell skin and sweat and cock and ass. Some of them seemed close enough and real enough to touch, but when I reached for them I felt nothing. My hand moved right through the ghostly copulating figures, and they didn't notice.

Lucien was doing to me now what I had done to him—smelling, touching, tasting me, avoiding only my mouth and what would have been the most dangerous part of my anatomy for him: my ass. He got close to it at one point. After sucking my condum-covered cock, he moved down to my balls. He lifted my legs and started to go further. Then I heard him say, "I mustn't. I mustn't." He went back to my cock and worked it more furiously. When I was on the edge of orgasm, as he had been before, he pulled off of me and laid his head next to mine.

The holographic orgy continued around and above and below us. Neither of us said anything for a while. When I looked over at him, I saw that he was crying.

"It isn't enough, Philip."

"You're not satisfied with what we've been doing?"

"If I knew I could do anything to you, and you to me, I might be content just to lie next to you. But everything we do reminds me of what we can't do, of how incomplete our lovemaking must be. When we're done, I'm terrified that I'll feel emptier than I've ever felt before. And I don't think I could bear that."

"It doesn't have to end, Lucien. I could come back. Or I could stay."

There was so much pain and tenderness in his eyes that I almost starting crying myself. "I think you really mean that, Philip. And I love you for meaning it. But I know the world too well—from a distance—to believe you could give yourself to me. The word *forbidden* would always come between us and stop us from doing the things we would most want to do, the most intimate things."

"I don't care."

"But you would. Eventually. I know that about you, because I know it so well about myself. Now I'm going to stop crying, and we're going to do everything we can do with each other, and I'm not going to think about it ending."

And that's what we did: everything we could. And it was wonderful and completely satisfying, for me anyway. At one point, I rolled over on my back and raised my ass onto the pillow and spread my legs.

Suddenly his lust obliterated the last shred of his melancholy. He mounted me and plunged his sheathed cock all the way into my ass—no preparation, no delicacy, just one brutal stab—the way I wanted it, which somehow he knew. He was like a rutting stallion, rutting for the first time in his life, his black mane tossing about his head as he plunged violently in and out of me.

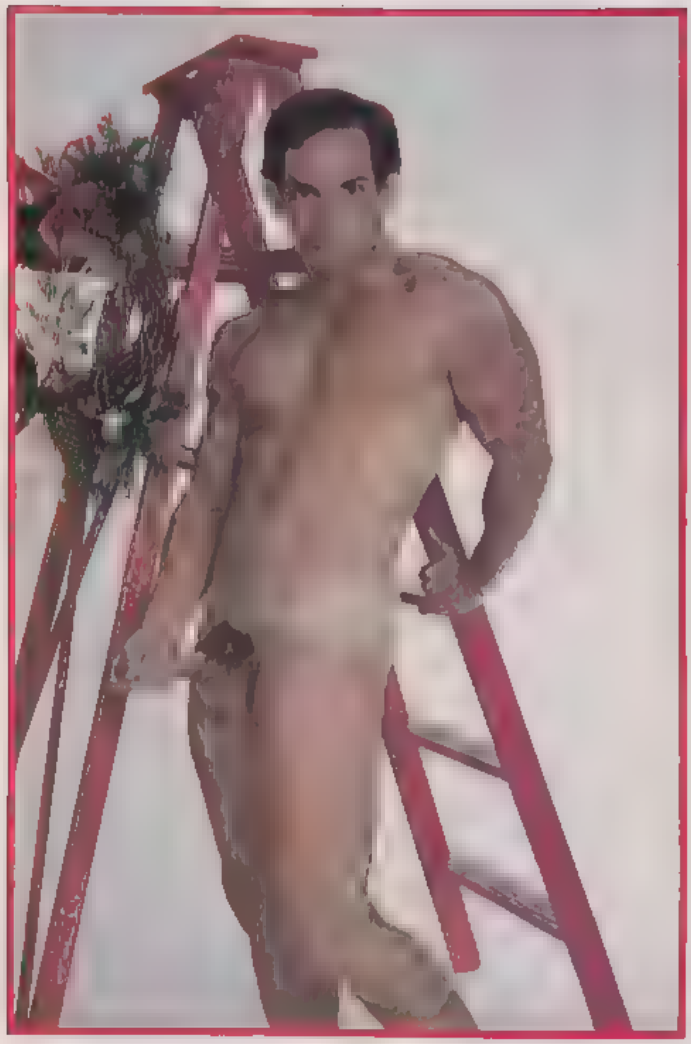
I'd never felt anything so magnificent. It was all I ever wanted from the world, to have this man inside me, stabbing me, plundering me.

Then abruptly he stopped and pulled out of me and fell to my side. "I don't want it to happen this way, with me inside you. I want you inside *me* the first time."

"Fine with me, Lucien. But after that I want my full turn *this* way."

Continued to page 74

Deck This!
With a lot more than boughs of holly.
Section photographed by Chris Morris



'Tis the season to be horny.

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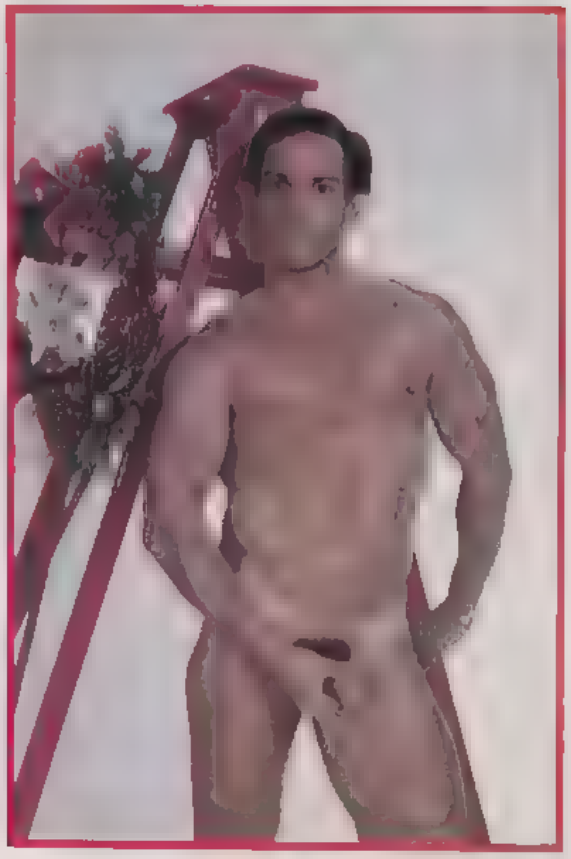

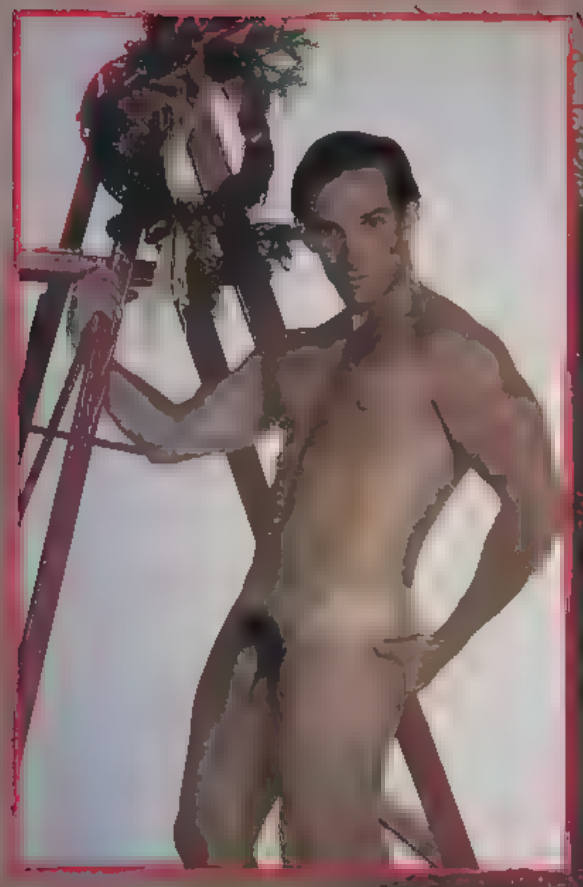

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ENTERTAINING STRAIGHT MEN

Continued from page 40

college down the block, keeps lots of young people around. The campus has acres of grass and trees so you can sit in the sun or in the shade. It's nice here—cheap rents, too."

Tico's cock was lengthening. "Yeah," he said, leaning back, showing it off, "lotta hot chicks around. . you know?"

Philip took his cue: "I wouldn't know. I like cock."

Tico grinned. "I kinda figured dat. De way you dress, you know—short hair, moustache, tank tops, jeans—dat's what a lotta gay guys wear, no?"

"Yep. . *lots* of us do." Philip smiled at Tico's familiarity with "gay guys." He stood and walked over to Tico, stripped and stood in front of him.

Tico watched and grinned, his cock continuing to swell under his dusty, dank, musky, piss-stained jeans—Philip's favorite flavor. Philip's body was impressive, and Tico was obviously impressed. He looked over his own body, comparing the two. Philip's cock was definitely bigger and thicker. His tummy muscles cut deeper than Tico's, but Philip had little body hair compared to Tico's profuse growth on his hard round pecs.

Philip knelt in front of Tico and buried his face in the filthy crotch. The funk of a day's work intoxicated my clone friend, and his cock swelled to its full eight inches and rested on Tico's filthy workboot. Philip rubbed his balls on the ground-in dust and grime of the streets. He chewed at the fly of Tico's jeans and ran his hands over the armor-plated torso, then down to the muscular thighs.

When Philip's teeth nipped at the fabric covering Tico's cockhead, Tico moaned and the piss stain widened. The macho Latino lifted his boot and ran the toe under Philip's ballsac and rubbed Philip's fuckhole. He raised his butt up a bit and squeezed his ballsac into Philip's face. He opened the buttons of his fly and let Philip smell the rank vapors steaming out of his crotch.

Philip coated Tico's fuck-fur with spit, and rubbed his cheek against the slimy uncut saber standing out of the jeans. Then in a single forward thrust, Philip had all of Tico's cream-filled hog down his throat. Six inches was hardly a challenge, so Philip nuzzled down and got Tico's balls in his mouth at the same time.

"Fuckin' good, man. Mmm, so fuckin' good. You really know howta eat dat meat."

Philip was pleased by the compliment. He knew lots of tricks and he intended to use them all on his new "straight" conquest. While he lathered up and down Tico's dick, he removed his shoes and socks. The smell of sweat and dirty leather made Philip's cock stand straight up. He bent over and raised Tico's right foot. He licked gently between the toes, savoring the smells, swallowing any lint he found nestled there. He ran his fingers over the hard callouses that padded the bottom of Tico's thick feet.

Tico was sliding the foreskin up and down on his thickly veined cock, watching Philip adore his body. He let Philip slip off his jeans, and he moaned as Philip went to the second foot and cleaned it with spit as he had done with the other.

Finished with Tico's feet, Philip slithered his way up the forest of hair on Tico's legs. When Tico squeezed his thighs together and rubbed Philip's cheeks, the dark smell of Tico's ass crack wafted into Philip's nostrils. He raised Tico's legs to lick his shit chute, but Tico stopped him.

"No, man. No ass stuff. I don't take it in de ass."

Philip grinned. "Just my tongue. I want to eat this hot manhole of yours. It'll feel great, I promise you. You can stop me if you don't like it."

Tico stared at him for a minute, then said, "Okay. But just eat. No cock in dere."

Philip nodded and dove for the fetid hair pie between Tico's butt cheeks. He wasn't disappointed with what he found. Tico's hole was slimy with sweat. It puckered shut as Philip's tongue grazed over it. Philip slid wide wet licks across the quivering rosebud. Then he pressed his lips to the shit hole and sucked deep and hard.

"Jesus, dat feels fuckin' great! Good eatin', man. You sure know ass. Eat dat," Tico squealed, writhing and flailing his legs in the air, sliding his hands over his cock.

Philip rubbed his chin over the roaring fudge hole. Then he blew cooling air all over the hairs surrounding it.

Tico sighed, "Shit, yeah . .dat's incredible. Do some more o' dat."

Philip loved the feeling of domination when he was eating a "straight" man's ass. He saw the sphincter as the forbidden "land of the straights," waiting to be conquered with a lick and a suck.

He used every trick he knew on Tico's hole, for what must have seemed like hours to the willing Latino stud. At one point Philip took an ice cube in his mouth, sucked at the hole until it shimmered open, then spit the ice inside.

Tico bucked from the shock. "Whadda fuck is *dat*!" he yelped.

"Ice," Philip whispered, holding tight to Tico's thighs. "It'll cool you off a little. Then I'll suck it out."

Tico writhed as the sensation deep in his guts became pleasant. "Fuckin' great. Dat's so fuckin' good. Yeah, suck it out now," he growled.

Philip sucked hard on Tico's tailpipe, and the ice, melted to a sliver, shot down his throat. Tico slammed his asshole against Philip's mouth and groaned and moaned at the incredible new sensation under his balls.

Philip decided it was time to work on Tico's cock. He lay on the sofa in Tico's lap and started soaking the shaft with spit.

When Tico shoved his balls up into Philip's nose, he felt a pressure building in his asshole. "Oh, man, my ass feels fulla water from dat ice. I gotta go to the john."

"No need for that," Philip whispered. "I'll take care of it." He bent his head under Tico's balls and tongued his hairy hole.

"Man, you wild. You really fuckin' wild," Tico giggled.

Philip had a yen for straight men. He liked to entice them up to his place and make them. But only once. If they liked the experience well enough to come back, Philip reasoned, then they weren't straight.

"You bet your ass I'm wild." Philip sucked Tico's pucker, and hot funky water squirted into his gullet. In a split second, he was back on Tico's cock. He gobbled it down and let saliva dribble all over Tico's nuts. Then he rubbed the sac until it swelled up tight against Tico's cock-root. The shaft was hard and bloated and ready to erupt. Philip started sucking for all he was worth.

Tico thrashed his legs about as he got closer and closer. He yelped and shoved Philip's head down on his cock and held it there. When Philip rammed his finger deep into Tico's asshole, the Latino screamed and bucked and flailed, but Philip's finger only went deeper, grinding in to the last knuckle. Tico exploded. He shot glob after glob of cum down Philip's throat, and Philip kept finger-fucking his asshole. When Tico had been drained of every last drop of cum, Philip removed his ripe finger, and Tico lowered his legs to the sofa.

"God, you are too much. My poor fuckin' ass. You said only your tongue would go in dere." Tico grinned and rubbed his sore hole.

"Well, my finger is the same size, just a little stiffer. I figured you'd like it. You have a great asshole." Philip grinned and rubbed Tico's tummy. "How about a shower?"

"Yeah, I need it. I smell like a horse."

"No, Tico. You smell like a man—a man who could use some soap and water, yes. But a man."

They washed each other thoroughly, Philip being careful not to get any soap in Tico's stinging fuck-hole. Then they dried off and returned to the cool living room.

"Nobody's ever treated my ass like dat," Tico whispered, sipping ice water, lying close to Philip on the sofa.

"Too many straight men don't realize how great their asses can feel when they're treated right. They think only faggots should like it. Hell, it feels good to anyone. You don't have to be gay to enjoy a good ass-job."

"I don't know. Some guys would worry dat dey're gay if dey let somebody play wit' dere asshole," Tico said, staring at Philip's still-erect cock.

"Don't worry, Tico. My neighbor Bobby comes over here a couple of times a month just to sit on my cock, and I know he's straight—he's got three kids. He's got a nine-incher himself, and his wife always looks happy." It was almost true. He and Bobby had fucked twice, and Bobby did like it up his ass, but he was far from straight, and only had six inches, like Tico. Philip exaggerated a bit because he thought that his neighbor's big dick would make him seem more macho to a Latino. Philip was right.

"Nine inches—and he wants *you* to fuck *him*?" asked Tico, obviously impressed.

"Yep. Says it relaxes his ass after sitting at a desk all day."

"Jesus!" Tico said, sipping the last of his water. "Lookit de time. I gotta get back to work." He hurried into his clothes and shot out the door.

Philip was convinced that his talk of ass-fucking had scared Tico off and he'd never see him again. He was wrong.

About half past five the bell rang. It was Tico. He asked Philip if he could come in and cool off before heading home. He said he needed to relax, loosen up. He said he guessed hard physical labor tensed a man up as much as sitting at a desk all day, especially in the ass.

"You okay?" Philip asked, when he was finished "relaxing" Tico.

Between gasps Tico nodded yes.

Philip got a towel and a wet cloth and cleaned off and dried every inch of Tico. He saved the no-longer-virgin ass for last. Tico winced when Philip wiped him, but after a few seconds he relaxed again—"melted" was how Philip described it to me. "Tanks. Dat was fuckin' great, Phil." Tico reached for his jeans and lazily pulled them on. "I gotta get home now. You gonna be here tomorrow?"

Philip nodded.

"Maybe I'll come back. Tomorrow I don't hafta get right home. We can take our time, huh?"

Philip smiled and walked Tico to the door.

At five-fifteen the next day the doorbell rang. But Philip didn't answer. He was watching the news. Philip never fucks a "straight" man twice. If he wants it again he isn't straight. ■

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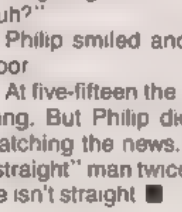

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CHRISTMAS LIGHTS

Continued from page 12

enough of Manuel's hands all over my body, and mine all over his.

I had to have all of him. My tongue slid down his lean body to take him. Then we swung into our old-favorite position. I savored the head of his hardness in my mouth, as it swelled even more. When I urged the shaft deep into my throat, all those unique odors that were Manuel my Indian lover, my first and greatest lover, permeated my nostrils. The aromatic aphrodisiac drove me wild and made me thirsty for all of his dick. I gripped his firm ass cheeks and pulled the man I had never stopped loving deep inside me. His muscled legs wrapped around my upper torso to help.

Manuel's warm mouth was sucking just as eagerly on my dick. Then he pulled my balls into his mouth along with my cock. He was trying desperately to devour all of me, to hold me inside of him forever. We rode wave after wave of desire, each thrusting us higher than the last, until neither of us could hold out any longer. When it came to simultaneous climax, we had always been simpatico. Hot loads of sperm spouted into our throats, and we swallowed it greedily to cement the union between us. The lust between us did not subside. Immediately we began climbing high again to that same plateau.

After our second orgasm we turned around and lay side by side and face to face. We smiled and embraced and held each other without speaking for the longest time. There was no way to know what the future would bring, but for the moment I didn't care. Because the moment was wonderful. And I was glad to be home. At last. ■

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SOUTHERN DISCOMFORT

Continued from page 21

Each word was punctuated with a jab of his fat index finger in Scott's face.

Danny shoved himself between them. "I said fuck off!"

The rotund man stared over Danny's head and directly into Scott's wide eyes for a minute before retreating. Then he growled at Scott, "I'll get you, boy. It may take some time, but it's a-comin'"

Hot tears welled up in Scott's eyes as he watched Slammer saunter away.

"Calm down, pal. Don't cry. That's what they want. Stifle it. Don't ever let 'em know it gets to you."

They finished showering and went back to the room where their clothing lay. Scott grabbed a towel from the stack in the corner and dried off. Then, while putting on his "new" clothes, he leaned over and whispered in Danny's ear, "I'm going to try and talk to that guard—Brewster. Maybe he'll help me."

"Maybe he'll kick your ass."

"Come on, Danny, there's obviously something wrong here. A simple first offense does not warrant 30 fuckin' days!"

"You ain't sayin' nothin' I don't already know. I told you this damn system is closed. It's your word against theirs. Who's the sheriff gonna believe?"

"Cut the chatter, you pricks! The roads ain't gonna repair themselves!" It was the guard who had awakened Scott.

Scott and Danny hurriedly finished dressing, and Danny got right into line.

When most of the prisoners had mutely filed out, Scott saw his chance. He walked up to Brewster and, voice trembling, he said, "Sir. . .please. . . there's been some kind of mistake. If I could only use the phone. . ."

The man looked at him impassively for a long moment before speaking. "You'd best get in line, son. There's a lot of work ahead."

Crushed, Scott fell into line behind Danny.

*****

Only half an hour after dawn and the sun was already as hot as it ever got where Scott came from. By mid-morning it was hotter than any hell the Yankee prisoner could ever have imagined. Sweat was streaming down Scott's face and into his eyes. The heat of the asphalt that the prisoners were spreading was rising in nauseating waves, and the acrid smell burned his sinuses. His clothes were soaked through and soured. Blisters had formed in his palms from pushing the heated tar and gravel mixture around with the splintered handle of a rake. The thin soles of his sneakers provided no discernible barrier between his tender feet and the steaming asphalt.

"Okay, men, take ten," called B. Brewster, who was overseeing Scott's crew. He stood holding his shotgun in a relaxed manner. His eyes were hidden behind the opaque lenses of his aviator sunglasses.

Scott felt totally alone—well, not totally. Danny was somewhere down the road with another crew, but very nearby was somebody else whose acquaintance Scott had made. He could feel Slammer's eye boring into his back from a few feet away.

The men took turns gulping water from a cooler held on the shoulders of one of the prisoners. Scott filled his parched mouth and let some of the water run over his face.

"If anybody has to piss, go behind that tree over three." Brewster pointed to a huge oak about ten yards from the worksite. "Anything else you'll just have to hold. Don't try any funny business, either. I don't have to remind you gentlemen that this jewel's loaded."

Scott waited until the others had finished, then went to relieve himself. His urine splashed noisily into the dusty grass, and he didn't hear the man approaching from behind. Suddenly a fat, dirty hand clamped tightly over his mouth and a sweaty arm fastened around his waist.

"I told you I'd get my chance!" Slammer spat into his ear.

Scott's muffled cries couldn't be heard above the idling of the road equipment. Slammer forced Scott's pants down and the horrified young man felt that grotesque prick being maneuvered between his buttocks. Exhausted from the road work, Scott's feeble attempts to break free were futile against the huge oaf's grip. It was difficult to breath with Slammer's spongy hand over his face, and he began to feel dizzy and faint.

A scream cut through the thick air, and for a moment Scott thought that it was his own. Then Slammer's grip relaxed and Scott fell forward on his hands and knees gasping.

"Awright, awright! I was just playin' with the kid!"

Slammer lay on his back covering his bleeding face with his hands. Brewster stood over him, shotgun poised to strike him again with the stock.

"Get over by the truck, you pig! I'll settle with you later!"

Brewster knelt to help Scott get his pants back up. "Are you okay, son?"

"Get away from me!" Scott whirled around, his eyes blazing like an angry wounded animal's. "I don't need this! I don't deserve it! A fucking D.U.I.!"

His words were choked with tears. Unable to articulate, he leaned his back against the rough tree trunk and slid down to the ground. He drew his knees up, buried his head in his arms, and began to sob uncontrollably.

"Cool down, Patten. Slammer will get what's comin' to him. I promise you that."

*****

He couldn't sleep. He just lay there, one big ache. Scott's limbs felt like they were weighted with lead. *Thirty days . . .hot asphalt . . .Slammer . . .where's a phone?* Nobody would miss him for at least ten days. He could be dead by then!

The night air was only slightly cooler than the day had been. Supper, if one could call it that, was supposed to have been chili—a thin, rust-colored concoction with a few stray beans in it. He had swallowed maybe two spoonfuls. Danny had tried to talk to him but got little response. Scott had no feelings that evening. He was an aching, empty void.

The sound of footsteps echoed down the hall, a guard on his rounds. The footsteps stopped, and Scott heard the turning of the lock on his cell door. *It couldn't be morning*

already. He was lying with his back to the door. He turned his head to see who it was. A dark silhouette moved toward his cot and sat down quietly on the edge. It was Brewster. The guard placed a finger to his lips and spoke very quietly.

"I got your wallet out of the safe and called your father, Scott. He'll be here to get you in the morning."

"How?" Scott whispered incredulously.

"I talked to the sheriff. He owes me one. But there's one thing I must ask you to do. You've got to forget this whole ordeal. Don't say a word to anyone—it could mean my job. I know you're angry. I know you're hurt. I can't fight the system, but I *can* get you out of this place. You were right, you don't deserve this."

"What did you tell my dad?"

"That you'd been picked up driving drunk. You'll have to get out of that one yourself. I told him it took all of your spending money to pay the fine and that you were detained awaiting a parent's or guardian's signature to get your driver's license back."

"What about Slammer? What did you do?"

"He's in solitary confinement. It might help you feel better to know that someone beat him up pretty good in the shithouse after supper. I can't say for sure, but my guess is that it was Danny Hawkins. He's a tough little sonuvabitch."

"I, . .I don't know what to say, Mr. Brewster"

"It's Bill And you don't have to say a word. If I had a boy, I wouldn't want him in here for anything."

Brewster's drooping moustache and solemn eyes gave his face a distant, world-weary look. Impulsively, Scott hugged him. Brewster held him very tightly and for a long time, as if he were trying to squeeze some of the hurt and humiliation out of the boy.

"Let me do something for you, Scott." Pulling back the threadbare sheet, Brewster gently ran his hands over Scott's smooth chest, kneading the tight, tired muscles. "So beautiful . . .so young," the guard whispered, almost inaudibly.

Scott felt his crotch stir. He reached up to touch the guard's face. He ran his fingers over the rough bristle of a day's growth. He pulled Brewster's head down and kissed him very lightly on the lips. Then he opened his mouth and Brewster's tongue slipped inside. Scott unsnapped the uniform shirt and ran his hands across the broad, hairy chest, stopping to pinch Brewster's hardening nipples.

Brewster stood up and began to unfasten his pants, careful to keep the keys, holster, and handcuffs attached to his belt from clanking together. He stepped out of his pants. In the pale light, his white briefs were luminescent against his dark skin. He pulled them down, and his cock slapped against his thigh. It began to lengthen and stand straight up.

Brewster eased Scott's shorts down and ever so gently kissed his stomach, then went lower and nuzzled in the boy's soft, silky pubic hair. Scott's cock lay flat and hard against his stomach, the head reaching almost to his navel. Brewster took the head between his lips, lightly raking his teeth over it. The sensation bordered on the unpleasant and Scott found himself thrusting upward, sinking his member into the warm, wet depths of the guard's throat. Scott fingered the light growth of hair on Brewster's shoulders and the older man sucked him—up and down, slowly, slowly.

When Scott's cock was thoroughly spit-soaked, the guard got on the cot and straddled the boy. He positioned himself over Scott's rigid shaft and lowered himself onto it. He paused frequently to accommodate the girth, but he kept going until Scott was deep within him.

The showers, the asphalt, Slammer, the food—all the ugliness of the past 24 hours faded from Scott's mind as Brewster slowly rocked on top of him. Scott grasped Brewster's hard meat like a saddle horn and watched the guard's face contort in silent pleasure.

Brewster leaned forward for a kiss, and Scott clasped his hands behind the older man's neck and pulled. As their tongues pushed against each other, Scott's pelvic thrusts kept the fuck rhythm uninterrupted. The guard's inner muscles alternately tensed and relaxed, milking Scott until he could hold it no longer.

"My God, I'm coming!" Scott whispered hoarsely, as he released his load deep inside Brewster's bowels.

When Scott was done, Brewster raised up on his knees and Scott slid down between his legs. He took the guard's engorged cock into his mouth and let it slide down his throat. Brewster placed his outstretched palms against the cold wall to steady himself and started fucking Scott's face, very slowly, very gently. Scott grabbed Brewster's ass and encouraged him to drive his meat deeper, to plunge more rapidly in and out of his mouth. Brewster's thrusts became more vigorous. Occasionally he would break his pace and withdraw almost completely, only to plunge in again, deeper than before, his pendulous balls bouncing hard against the boy's chin.

Brewster's ass tensed in Scott's hands, signaling that the man was about to come. Pushing in as far as he could, Brewster let go a stream of warm, bitter fluid that filled Scott's throat and overflowed his lips.

*****

Scott walked out into the morning light and never looked back. Earlier, he had seen Danny one last time. Their conversation had been awkward, but words didn't matter. There was a bond between them, the bond of the abused.

He hadn't seen Brewster anywhere that morning. Perhaps it was his day off. What would he have said, anyway, if they had come face to face again? Maybe it's best this way, Scott thought.

His dad was as understanding as could be expected. He gave Scott money for the trip home, then drove away ahead of his son.

Scott reached into his pocket for his car keys. When he pulled his hand out, he saw that, in addition to the keys, he was holding something he had never seen before. But when he turned it over and the sun struck the polished brass surface of a rectangular badge, he realized he *had* seen it before, and he remembered the first time he read the name B. Brewster ■

Scott's muffled cries couldn't be heard above the idling of the road equipment. Suddenly, a fat, dirty hand clamped tightly over his mouth and a sweaty arm fastened around his waist. "I told you I'd get my chance," Slammer spat into his ear.

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GOING TO THE DEVIL

Continued from page 60

"Yes. After that. Now, you just watch the others, lose yourself in their ecstasies, and while you watch I'll play with you and tease you and then guide you inside me."

I did as he told me. All the men surrounding us were approaching a simultaneous, mass orgasm. As I watched and and heard and smelled them, it was as if I could feel what they were feeling—because I *knew* what they were feeling. I'd been there before. At the same time I felt Lucien all over me, caressing me, kissing me, fingering my groin. He was everywhere at once, and then before I knew it he had enveloped me and pulled my manhood deep inside him. I was on top of him now, as he had been on top of me. I couldn't see the others anymore, but I could hear them and smell them. They were getting closer, ever closer. They were screaming now, and so were Lucien and I.

I remember thinking what a magnificent job Lucien's guardians had done with the design of the prophylactics. I couldn't feel mine at all, but knowing it was there, that Lucien was safe, freed me to plunder him with the same violence he had used on me.

The more violent my thrusts, the more tightly he squeezed his ass around my cock. He grabbed my nipples and pinched and twisted. He grabbed me by the hair and pulled my face to his and kissed me.

Suddenly I threw my head back and shouted at the top of my lungs. And at the same time that my manhood, buried deep inside him, emptied itself into the sheath, Lucien began to erupt. He had managed to remove his condum before I started fucking him, so his passion spewed out onto his stomach and my chest.

When flow finally stopped, I collapsed on top of him. I couldn't move. I could barely breathe. He didn't move underneath me, but I felt his fingers in my hair, stroking. I raised my head and looked into his eyes. He was smiling a smile I had never seen on him before: pure joy, absolute fulfillment.

"You see?" I said to him, "we can have all that we need of each other. We can have just as much as *they* have, and more—because we love each other so much."

I was comparing us to the images. As soon as I mentioned them I realized they were gone. The walls were white again. Lucien and I were alone. I started to pull out of him, but he asked me not to. He wanted me to stay there. He wanted us to fall asleep that way.

We maneuvered carefully until he was on his side and I was on my side behind him, holding him in my arms. My cock was still fully hard inside him. I wondered if I would stay that way forever, and wondering about that, I drifted off to sleep.

I dreamed about Lucien fucking me again, without his rubber, and me fucking him without mine, and me sucking him and him sucking me, and deep, deep kisses . tongues, sweat, saliva, cum.

When I woke up, the room was dark. I was lying on my back, the sheet pulled up to my neck. Lucien was sitting up, covered only to the waist, watching me.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Oh, about half past midnight, I would guess."

"Then we've had a full night's sleep. No wonder I feel so refreshed."

"*You've* had a full night's sleep. I slept very little. But I still feel refreshed."

"You don't look it. You look tired."

"I mean spiritually."

I felt protective again, as I had felt when I first saw him. "Well, I'm glad about your spirit, but your body looks like it could use some rest. Why don't we go back to sleep?"

"You can if you want. I'll watch you."

"Is that what you've been doing all night?"

"Yes. And other things."

"*What* other things?" Something about his tone alarmed me. He seemed very content, happy even, but there was also something like . like resignation in his voice. "Lucien, what's wrong. You're crying again. Your nose is running."

"A tissue, please, from the drawer under your side of the bed."

I grabbed several tissues and handed them to him.

"I'm not crying, Philip. I have the sniffles, the beginning of a cold, I think. Isn't that how they usually begin?"

I knew if he had a cold, he'd gotten it from me. "Jesus, and we were so careful. I didn't even know I *had* a cold."

"You don't. Only the virus. Your body is strong enough to ward off the symptoms. Mine is not."

"It isn't dangerous, I mean really dangerous, is it?"

"The cold? I don't think so. Colds don't kill, even at their worst. Other things do . ."

I felt a sudden chill and a stab of panic. I ripped the sheet away from me. My cock was soft now, and the condum was gone.

"I didn't take it off of you in your sleep, Philip. I removed it very stealthily before you mounted me. I wanted you inside me. I wanted to take all you had to give me. I did. While you slept, I took more—into my mouth—and I gave you what *I* had to give. I'm very happy, Philip, with what I've done. I'm not crying. And *you* should *stop*."

"But I've killed you. I've—"

"No. You've loved me. I've taken your

love, more than you meant me to have. And I've killed *myself*. Now you must go."

"I won't leave you. There must be something, something that can be done. Surely—"

"There's nothing. I will die of one thing or another. I want you to remember me as I am now, smiling and loving you. I don't want you to watch me die."

"Please, Lucien, please don't—"

"Do you love me, Philip? Do you truly love me?"

"Yes, I do, I do, I swear I do!"

"Then go. Please. Ask Mr. Marshall to call me on the intercom. You wait for him downstairs in the reception room. Can you find your way there, do you think?"

"Yes. But I don't—"

"Please, Philip. Good-bye."

"But—"

"Good-bye, my love."

I was numb. I turned away from him and left the room, his sealed cocoon. In the corridor on the way to the reception room, I found Mr. Marshall and told him that Lucien wanted to talk to him on the intercom. Then I went downstairs to wait.

If I hadn't been in such a daze I guess I might have run out of the place as fast as I could go. It might have occurred to me that Mr. Marshall and Robert, as soon as they found out what I'd done, would probably kill me. But I wasn't thinking. And I didn't feel afraid. I didn't feel anything.

A short time later Mr. Marshall and Robert joined me in the reception hall. I remember hardly anything of what they said. But I do remember that they were very soft-spoken and not the least bit hostile. And then finally I heard Mr. Marshall telling me that I should go home, wait for his call. I didn't know why he'd be calling me. I didn't remember about the rest of my fee.

The numbness lasted all the way home. And then I got drunk, and stayed drunk for a week. Most of the time I was passed out cold, and I don't think I dreamed at all, which was exactly what I wanted.

I'd turned the ringer off on the phone and let the machine take my calls. When I finally decided to listen to the messages—my first foray back into the world of the living—it was simply because I couldn't drink enough anymore to pass out. My head was throbbing and full of cobwebs, and the dozen or so "professional" calls for "dates" made no impression on me. But the last message was from Mr. Marshall.

The cobwebs cleared immediately, but my head was still throbbing, and my heart was racing. I dialed the number, and Mr. Marshall answered on the first ring. He told me what I expected, that Lucien was gone, and then he went over all the other things he'd told me in the reception hall, the things I hadn't heard the first time.

I hung up and let it sink in. My life would be different now, completely different. I had inherited a great fortune, and a magnificent castle on the Pacific, and a loyal staff.

Next morning, as I turned off the main road and into the oak-shrouded drive, the way was familiar, as it had been the first time, but this time it wasn't deja vu. It was familiar because I had been here, once, a long time ago, a week ago, a lifetime ago. Lucien's lifetime.

According to his instructions, his body had been cremated, his ashes tossed into the Pacific, through that huge window of his, from which the glass had at last been removed. Now that he was gone, his chambers were full of fresh sea air.

Over the years I've enjoyed the smell of the sea, and the sounds, and the breeze. I like to imagine how much Lucien must enjoy being a part of them now. I've kept myself company with my memories and my thoughts of him, and with the flickering images of lovers on the walls around our bed. These last few years I've hardly left our chambers at all, Lucien's and mine. Now I'm too feeble to leave. I spend most of my time staring out the window.

The doctor has just left. He was very frank with me. He told me straight out that I'm dying. I knew it already. I'm prepared. Robert and Mr. Marshall have been dead for several years now. But before Robert got sick, he hired two new guardians for me, and he trained them very well.

When I'm dead, they know exactly what to do with my body, and with my ashes. ■

GOOD OLD DAYS AT J'S

Continued from page 52

bulging over an aroused box.

Bart reached down and began his own practiced technique, hard-kneading an already hardening cock with his right hand while clenching a solid bicep with his left. Satisfied with each other's substantial genital packages, they moved on. Bart, at his companion's bullish urgings, eased over toward the benches at the side of J's fuck room. There, more vigorous massagings could proceed with fewer annoyances from any unwanted third parties. Bart was able to read on the back of the football jersey a name, Aitken, and a number, 24. Aitken seemed to excel at quarterbacking maneuvers as he quickly established a game plan, sharply twisting Bart's nipples and giving a couple of hard whacks to Bart's ass. A man's man.

Bart pulled on Aitken's hair, at the side of his cap, at his throat where it curled out from beneath the jersey, and finally, inside his Levi's, around his balls. The sensation

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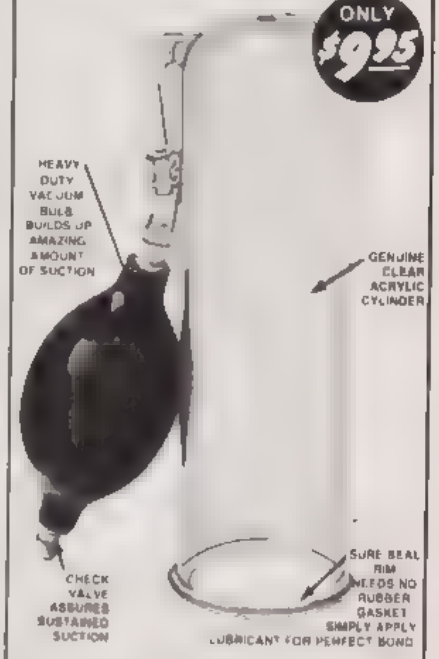

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turned Aitken on and he reached down the back of Bart's Levi's and stuck his fingers up his ass. About then Bart felt something less tangible from another direction, a stare. Seated on the bench two feet away from the standing Aitken and Bart was a bushy-bearded blond—a wilderness-looking type—staring up at Bart as Aitken probed further up Bart's ass and pulled him in tight against his cock. As Bart grew more excited, the bearded guy's mouth opened suggestively, his eyes—with crinkly lines at the corners—shining invitingly as he groped himself, illuminated by one of the few lights on the wall of this nether section of J's. As bold and forceful as Aitken was, this bearded outdoorsman appeared the antithesis, gentle and appealing but no less masculine or desirable to Bart for these surmised qualities.

As Aitken withdrew his hand from Bart's ass and put both hands squarely on Bart's shoulders to push him to his knees to suck his cock, Bart initiated a bit of strategy of his own. He yanked out Aitken's predictably thick, hard cock, and alternately stroked and slapped it before he took it into his mouth. Aitken immediately began thrusting, and Bart had all he could do to steal a lick or two of Aitken's balls with Aitken shoving his piece in Bart's throat. After a bit, Bart pulled his mouth off Aitken's cock, put his hands on Aitken's ass, and pulled him toward the seated wilderness man. With one hand reaching to fondle Bart's balls and unbutton his 501's, the bushy blond stuck his face into Aitken's cock to continue Bart's only partially completed job. Dark pubic hair merged with golden facial hair as Aitken's cock pushed rhythmically into the slippery wet hole of the outdoorsman's mouth. To enhance the excitement, the newest member of the threesome pulled a full bottle of amyl from the pocket of his flannel shirt and briefly interrupted the action to share generous snorts with Aitken and Bart.

What had already seemed hot burned even hotter with the nitrate. Aitken pulled the wilderness man up to his feet, turned him around, and yanked his Levi's down to his knees. Spitting on his hands, Aitken lubed the ass of his mount, grabbed his hips, and began a hard ass-fuck. Bart urged Aitken on with slaps to Aitken's ass, a couple of finger fucks, and verbal promptings to "ram the motherfucker." Then, wanting a bigger share of the action, Bart got down to where he could pull on the wilderness man's cock and take a couple of bites of his meat. With Aitken fucking the shit out of him and Bart eating his cock raw, the bushy-headed blond groaned and begged, "Fuck me hard, man" and "Suck that goddamn cock."

After another snort of amyl, Bart couldn't wait any longer to bring his own cock to climax. Sniffing his fingers, Bart smelled Aitken's ass. Then he wrapped his fingers around his meat and went to work on himself. Seeing Bart's erect cock—which was swollen virtually to rupture by the cocking—getting a vigorous jerk-off complemented Aitken's pleasure from fucking the outdoorsman. Aitken gave a couple of kicks to Bart's crouched body and rubbed his boot into Bart's thighs as best he could while otherwise preoccupied. Bart slapped Aitken's leg in return. The wilderness man was pulling on Bart's hair and pounding on his back in response to Aitken's thrusts and coming close to exploding in Bart's face. Bart's own cock was by now at the brink.

But big Aitken shot first. With curses of "Jesus Fuckin' Christ" punctuating his ejaculations into the warm ass of his buddy, Aitken finally slumped in exhaustion over the wilderness man, hugging his body and not wanting to pull out just yet. Bart felt that he was to be rewarded next and sure enough the breathing got louder, the cries of pleasure less subdued, and Bart tasted and swallowed the first spurts of sperm. Wanting some of this nectar on his face, Bart pulled the reddened cock out of his mouth and squeezed the remaining white fluid over his forehead, saving some to anoint his own cock.

Both Aitken and the wilderness man would have gladly assisted Bart, but he was too far gone to give them a chance. Aitken pressed his boot into Bart's crotch underneath his balls while the wilderness man wrapped his arms around Bart and exhorted him to "shoot that motherfucker." Bart obeyed. Christ, it felt better than it ever had, with Aitken and the wilderness man watching. Bart's hand and Aitken's boot were soon wet with cum. Almost simultaneously, Aitken and the blond bent down for a taste of Bart to complete the fusion of their ménage à trois.

Helping Bart up to his feet, Aitken and the wilderness man grasped Bart and each other in lovers' hugs. They shared smiles and friendly pats of each other's asses as they pulled on their 501's. It couldn't be any better than this, Bart thought to himself, and he sensed that Aitken and the wilderness man would agree. Three men, unknown to each other, had come together out of the night and produced a memory that would get them all through the shit of the week to follow. Christ, no regrets. An anonymous scene, yes, but certainly not depersonalized or meaningless. Scoring at J's had to be up there with the best that happens.

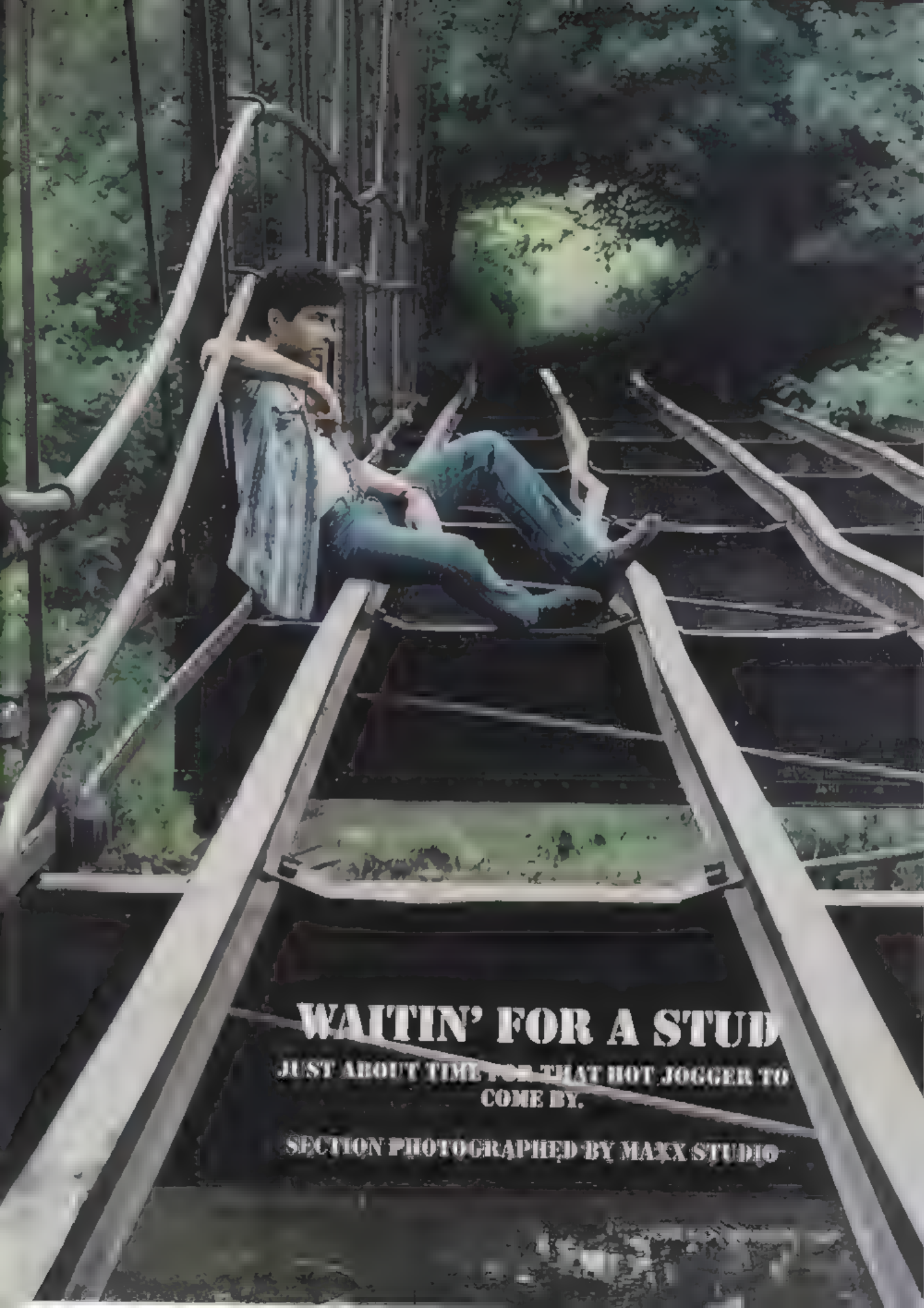
Three men, unknown to each other, had come together out of the night and produced a memory that would get them all through the crap of the week to follow. No regrets. An anonymous scene, yes, but certainly not depersonalized or meaningless. Scoring at J's had to be up there with the best that happens.

As he drove home that night, with the smell of Aitken's ass on his fingertips and the taste of the wilderness man's cum in his mouth, Bart could never have foreseen that in three months' time the darkened back room of J's would be starkly lighted and filled with electronic games. No more "high-risk" encounters. No more ecstasies. No more rough sex in dark corners with hot strangers.

No longer any reason to leave the suburbs—that was how Bart saw it.

Yes, three months later it was all over, gone, as if the wild sexual encounters enjoyed by Bart and thousands of men of similar tastes had never happened.

But it had. And Bart would always be glad he'd been there. When J's was J's. ■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ARIZONA

HOT & HORNY COWBOY

Masculine GWM, 20, 6', 180 lbs., with 8 juicy inches seeks correspondence with other REAL MEN. Nude photo & letter gets mine. Rick, Box 32452, Tucson, AZ 85751

ALABAMA

PENPALS

Attractive GWM 24 5'8", 150, brown/blue, versatile, seeks correspondents 18-35. Letter w/photo, fantasies: Paul, P.O. Box 550295, Birmingham, AL 35255-0295.

CALIFORNIA

RETIRED FIREMAN, FOREST RANGER

seeking applicants for Volunteer Fire Dept. State your HOT qualifications and photo, to: Volunteers, P.O. Box 1155, Forestville, Calif. 94137

YOUNGER MEN WANTED (18+)

Dad GWM, 36, 6'2", 180, br. br. beard, wants boys 18-31 into hot J/O and cocksucking to service Dad's dick. Call Al (213) 650-0720. No fat, fems

DEEP THROAT WANTS YOU

W/M, 27, 5'10", 150, brn, blue, F/A-P, G/P attractive seeks man 18/37 who are hung 8½" or bigger. Small cocks are a turn off, I'd love to go all the way down your shaft to your balls (even your 13" John Holmes). No wierdos, fats, or phone sex calls. If interested write c/o PO Box 71347, Los Angeles, CA 90071 or call 213/385-2426. PS. Correspondence from any state or country welcome

COCK SLAVERY

Attractive GWM, 32 6'2", 150 lbs, dark hair, beard wants imaginative partners into extended oral workouts. Obedience, deep throat work, force-feeding, cock worship. Mutual preferred but will train. Also: fucking (condoms), bondage, titwork. Must be hairy, bearded, sensitive, fit and hung 7" plus as I am. Foto and fantasies to Tom, 240 Sanchez, SF, CA 94114.

HOT SADISTIC TOP

Has opening in stable. Letter & pix to Box 5692, Glendale, CA 91201

COLORADO

NEEDS GOOD FUCK

Horny GWM 6', 170, 28, Green/br. beard seeks dominant daddy. Daddy must be 30-55—big, thick cock very important. Nude photo and letter gets mine. Mike, 1337 Corona #2, Denver, CO 80218.

CONNECTICUT

I'VE TRIED THE BARS

and apparently the type of man I'm looking for doesn't go there. GWM, 34, 5'4", self-employed carpenter. Hairy, bearded, teddy bear. Hobbies—cars, 4x4s, motorcycles, photography, outdoors. Desires to meet same type of guy, age 24-35 who's similar. I'm non smoker. Carpenter, truck driver, electrician a plus. Terry, 192 Wellsville Ave., #9, New Milford, CT 06776.

FLORIDA

FIREMEN/COPS

Wanted by hot, goodlooking, bi, 36, very uninhibited yet safe, healthy & discreet. Turn on to gear, uniforms, stories. Scott, PO. Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480. 305-863-9333. Thanks, dudes!

STRAIGHT ACTING GWM

57, 120 lbs. Seeks friendship and fun. Write Henry L. Land, Lot 20, 38 Brookville Dr. N., Jacksonville, Fl. 32211

GWM, 31, 6', 157 LBS.

Brown/blue, bearded, seeks masculine, sensitive guy for friendship/long-term relationship. NO smoking/drugs. Send photo. PO Box 2726, Pinellas Park, Florida 34290-2726.

SCULPTURED BODY

W/M 24, 6', 170 lbs. Extremely good looking, tan muscular body, smooth skin, cute ass. Prefer smooth bodies, 18-25. Nude photo and phone a must: 2009 NE 22nd Street, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33305.

SINCERE YOUNG ENDOWED "STUD" SEEKS ENDOWED "DADDY"

Much to share. Please send photo, nude preferably. Yours gets mine, you won't be disappointed! 1661 Poinsettia Dr., Fort Lauderdale, FL 33305 Resident

GAINESVILLE AREA

Straight acting, GWM, 37, 5'10", 155 lbs, seeks friendship and/or relationship. PO Box 2313, Gainesville, FL 32602 with photo.

GEORGIA

DAD SEEKS YOUNGER, SLIM STUD

Please me with your mouth, ass and uninhibited nudity, and you'll get affectionate dominance from hairy, masculine man, 42. Photo to: P.O. Box 306, Atlanta, Georgia 30301-0306.

HEALTHY HOT MAN,

35, 5'9", 155, hairy. Brown hair/moustache. Invite letters, pics, from masculine men with moustaches. RJ, Box 9142, Marietta, GA 30065.

HAWAII

HAWAII—DONKEY DADDIES NEEDED

To be sucked dry by hungry, handsome blond, 31, BL/GR, 6 ft, 175, 7¾" x 5¾ uncut. Sucking donkey daddies dry (4-9 climaxes guaranteed) poppers, bulging jeans, white briefs/jocks, J/O are turn-ons. Bigger cocks 10"+ preferred, cum measure up. Nude photo gets same. Please no fats, fems, dom. Les A. 1215 Alexander # 1206, Honolulu, Hawaii 96826

WAIKIKI GDLKG/BLK STUD

Disease free. 30. Fr A/P Gr/A. 8". To meet clean Bi/Gay visitors 18-35 with smooth swimmers, hard bodies. TS/TV Bi M/F Cpls, androgynous males get TLC. Photo/letter to J., P.O. Box 85, Pearl City, HI 96782

ILLINOIS

LONELY, Y/W/M

Seeking relationship with caring person. Very talented in many ways, would like to meet responsible male over 25 yrs, good personality and want to have a good time. I like some sports, music, movies, dancing, quiet times

and cooking because I own my own restaurant. Write to P.O. Box 83, DeKalb, IL 60115, send name and address and I'll write back. Not into B&D, S&M, or sickos.

INDIANA

HOT AND HUNGRY

Guaranteed clean—Good looking GWM, straight acting and looking—5'9" Brn, Blu, moustache, hot ass and cock (7½") with insatiable appetite for sex, looking for a clean guy my age (32) to 45, married OK—discretion. Scott, 1507 Locust #107, Elkhart, IN 46514

SEEKING CARING LOVER/ FRIENDS 19-30

No drugs, fats, or fems. GWM 5'11" 169, 22, BR/BL. Box 768 North Vernon, IN 47265.

WM 54 5'8" 178 LBS

Bald 69. No J/O calls. Andy, 219-872-0491, 201 Hoyt Street, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

IOWA

GWM-TOP 6'4" 195 LBS.

Blue eyes, moustache, 36 yrs. seeks young males 18-27 needing to be dominated. Send letter of submission. Photo a plus. P.O. Box 94101, Des Moines, Iowa 50394.

BEGINNER, GLKG, 22.

Like to be fucked. Seek G/Looking guy. Hispanics & Arabics welcome. Write. DINO, Box 1015, Des Moines, IA 50311.

KANSAS

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant master/daddy, 35, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Variety of scenes. Prefer hot young studs with good build. The Master, P.O. Box 1373, Manhattan, Kansas 66502

NEED MASTER

Will do anything. I'm 5'9", 170, 20. T. J. Siek, 331 N. 17th, Manhattan, KS 66502

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant master/daddy, 35, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekends/occasional use and abuse. Variety of scenes. Prefer hot young studs with good build. The Master, P.O. Box 1373, Manhattan, Kansas 66502

MICHIGAN

GOOD LOOKING GWM

6'1", 170, brn., brn., moustache, hairy. Looking for correspondence and possible meeting. Send photo, letter. If interested write c/o Jeff, P.O. Box 1062, Sterling Heights, Michigan 48311-1062

CLARE-CADILLAC

Single sex partner sought for discreet 6'2", 165 lb., 31 yrs. in area. P.O. Box 353, Marion, MI 49665.

MICHIGAN TOP GUN

Masculine, single, bi. I got it, you want it, come and get it! P.O. Box 1300, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49501

MISSISSIPPI

MISSISSIPPI

Would like to hear from G/W males 25 to 45. Sidney Burks, Jr., P.O. Box 251, Hickory Flat, Mississippi 38633.

NEW JERSEY

LEATHER/LEVI TOP SEEKS BOTTOM

I'm 23, six foot six, BL/BL 200 lbs. Looking for hot bottoms 20-40 slim for hot times. Will answer all photo, phone a plus. No scat, TV's or drugs. Reply to Rick, 67 8th Ave. #2, Passaic, NJ 07055-2122

EDISON GWM COUPLE

23, 6'1", 170, smooth, brown/hazel; 32, 5'6", 145, hairy, moustache, uncut, seek UNDER 25 for visiting, friendship, and 3-way safe sex. NO smoking/drugs. Photo if possible. P.O. Box 643, Edison, N.J. 08818-0643.

WANTED: BODY MAXIMUS!

Gorgeous Mediterranean type, 28, 5'8", 145 lbs. (chunky) wants bodybuilder to initiate me into the world of body worship (and servicing). Your photo gets mine. Write: POB 32, Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

GWM-37-5'7"-137 LBS.

Beard - brown hair/blue eyes - gym defined - trim - versatile - educated professional - wants to meet guys in area for friends, companionship, play - no smokers, drugs, fats or fems - Write: Paul, PO Box 1077, Vernon, NJ 07462

NEW YORK

ROCHESTER AREA

GWM 26 6'1" 180, blue/blond, seeks good looking tall executives, cops and firemen for friendship and possible relationship. No blacks, fats, fems or S/M. Send phone, photo to P.O. Box 67450, Rochester, NY 14617

TALL ITAL/JEWISH BIG BROTHER

Do you remember your hunky feet (size 11+) serviced by your hot brother—WM, 30, 6'1", 185, very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call Tony at (212) 675-7352, between 8 pm—12 mid., to meet for an explosive reunion and possibly more.

GWM 33, 5'8"

150 lbs brown/brown seeks hairy or uncut men between 25 to 40, for good times, sex, possible relationship. Send letter and photo to: PO Box 1087, Elbridge, N.Y. 13060

ARAB, HISPANIC, ASIAN TOPMAN WANTED

I am seeking an Arab, Indian, Pakistani, Guyanese, Hispanic or similar type topman who wants to give sexual domination and or discipline by spankings, belts, punishment enemas. You should be dominant, have a desire to be a disciplinarian, serious man. Teach me to respect you. I am a white male 30's, trim, goodlooking. I will answer letters from anywhere. Write to: P.O. Box 431, R.H., NY 11418 U.S.A.

HAIRY MASTURBATOR, 31

Let's trade horny letters and dirty nude J/O photos. Into jockstraps, boxer shorts, cock rings, hairy chested studs. Mike, P.O. Box 5033, Utica, NY 13505.

ATTRACTIVE WM

6'1" 170 lbs. 35 married seeks good looking nice body 20's-30's married or not. Utica area. Good sex, possible relationship. Box 106, Yorkville, N.Y. 13495.

MWM 34

Is looking for a buddy. You should be closeted and looking for a real friend and true buddy. Married preferred but others considered who are willing to become a part of my life and develop a serious relationship. This could save our lives. I'm 5'11" 170 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and in shape. I expect the same. Send detailed letter with photo if possible and a way to establish contact to P.O. Box "B", Staten Island, N.Y. 10301

NORTH CAROLINA

GWM 26 5'9" 170 LBS.

Honest, loving, seeking permanent relationship with GWM 35-50 who's dominant, healthy, loving, settled minded. Mark, P.O. Box 2231, Gastonia, NC 28053.

OHIO

ITALIAN STALLION

W/G/M, 29, dark, hairy, masculine hot 9 inch love tool ready to "meat" your every need! Tight ass and hot mouth ready to serve your love tool! Will travel. Joe Malaro, Box 969, Steubenville, OH 43952. Hot nude photo and phone gets mine.

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35 YR OLD DAD,

Needs son 20 or younger. Good looking and very hairy. Photo and phone gets mine. L.B., 1451 Salishan S.E., Salem, OR 97302

PENNSYLVANIA

HOT COUNTRY BOY

GWM, 26, 5'9", 170, built. Enjoys camping, weight lifting, sports, J/O. Seeking correspondence, possible meeting with real men 18-35. Photo appreciated. R.E.S., PO Box 144, Berlin, PA 15530-0144.

GWM 37 INVITES LETTERS AND VISITS

from masculine men traveling in South Central PA. Married, salesmen, truckers welcome. Hairy chests, giant balls a plus. Denny, 510 E. Main, Apt. A, Lititz, PA 17543.

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE GWM

18-29 to meet my every demanding need. TT, G&BT, extended B&D. Call to set interview. H H. (617) 497-0651.

BLOND/BLUE, 145, LATE 20s

New to Philly area/lifestyle. Looking for friend, companion, teacher 24-40. No fats, s/m, drugs. Photo please. Box 11, NADC, Warminster, PA 18974

SINCERE GWM 31

6'4", 240. Seeks friendship/lasting relationship. Interests include sports, movies, theater and candlelight dinners. Desire old fashioned relationship. York area (717) 246-3408.

GETTYSBURG/ CHAMBERSBURG AREA

GWM 28, 5'10", 140, Br/Br, seeks GWM 25-35 for companionship/relationship. No fats/fems. PHOTO A MUST. P.O. Box 61, Blue Ridge Summit, PA 17214.

SOUTH CAROLINA

W/M WANTS BODYBUILDER

or muscular football-type to share first experience with. Photo and phone appreciated but not necessary. P.O. Box 42189, Columbia SC 29240.

SOUTH DAKOTA

SOUTH DAKOTA

GWM 30, 6'5", 230, Gr-A/P, Fr-A/P into long foreplay. Looking for G or B/WM in Black Hills area young to 35. Write Box Holder 594, Spearfish, S.D. 57783.

TEXAS

ATTN. SO. TEXAS:

Masculine, 35, executive, discreet WM, 5'9", 165, hairy/blnd.; "straight" lifestyle, seeks similar, to 45. Relationship-minded. Box 8194, Brownsville, Texas 78520

HANDSOME G/W/M 29

Weightlifter craves hairy, white, hung, masculine daddy to feed me his cock from both ends. Must have hairy chest, stomach, and nice cock. Will travel for right stud. All photos returned. Big Arms a plus. Dallas, Houston, Austin. Box 33411, Austin TX 78764

HUNG 26 YR W/M

Wants hot action but safe, 3-OK. Your picture gets mine. Bill Long, P.O. Box 330782, Ft. Worth, TX 76163-0782

VIRGINIA

TOP/BOTTOM GWM 30

Looking for hot times. Let's explore together. Can travel. Photo a plus. Write now to explore—Scott, 1111 Arlington Blvd. #409, Rosslyn, VA 22209.

WASHINGTON

HOT 29 Y/O BI/W/M SINGLE

Seeks very hairy bearded/heavy mous man 30-42 for hot action. Prefer men 8" or more, married discreet men O.K. I'm 5'10" Dk. Brn. hair, green eyes, cut thick, and very hot. Send letter with photo (preferably nude) and I'll write back. I'd like my hairy fantasies to cum true. Write to: Larry P.O. Box 5125, Olympia, Washington 98503.

WEST VIRGINIA

LONELY G/W/M

Seeking friendship with kind, caring individual. Am 5'11", 25, 170 lbs., dark hair, blue eyes, affectionate. All sincere answered. Charlie Anderson, P.O. Box 4615, Charleston, WV 25364.

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Topman wanted, see New York section.

ORIENTAL, 30's

Wants discreet single or married man, 20-50's. Bob, #206, 339-10 Ave., S.E. Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2G-OW2.

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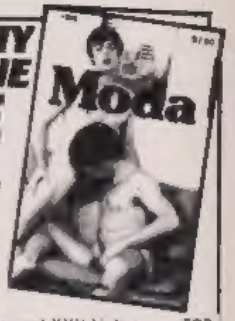

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